



FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

APRIL

GOSH, LALA- I AIN'T
EVEN 'SAFE FROM YOU
IN THE ARMY!



NO. 43 • 10c

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



HURRY BOYS, GET YOURS!



BILL: Gosh, Slim, it must be great to be voted the most popular boy in school. Bet you'll be in the movies some day.

SIM: Shock! It's easy to be healthy and popular when you ride a Schwinn bike.



SIM: Look at all these Hollywood stars that ride Schwinn-Built bikes—Buck Jones, Pat O'Brien, Jane Withers, Bing Crosby and lots of others.

BILL: Where did you ever get this swell book of pictures? And all in colors too?



SIM: Aw, that was easy. Just wrote a postal card to Arnold Schwinn & Co. and asked for their Hollywood Album. Hey, Bill, where you gonna?

BILL: So long, Slim. I'm writing a post card right now. Gonna show this Hollywood Album to dad so he'll get me a Schwinn too.



YOUR favorite movie stars and their Schwinn-Built bicycles—all in glorious colors, in the new Schwinn HOLLYWOOD ALBUM! Hurry and get yours—FREE! It will help you get that Schwinn-Built bicycle you've been hinting about to dad and mother. You can show them all of the leading Schwinn models in full colors, too—all with a lifetime guarantee! Schwinn is the bike that's "tops"—in Hollywood and everywhere—"tops" in style, quality, riding ease, safety features and exclusive accessories.... The Hollywood Albums are going fast. So mail the coupon or a postal now for your free copy.



SCHWINN BICYCLES

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE *



FREE!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.
1790 N. Kilbourn Ave.
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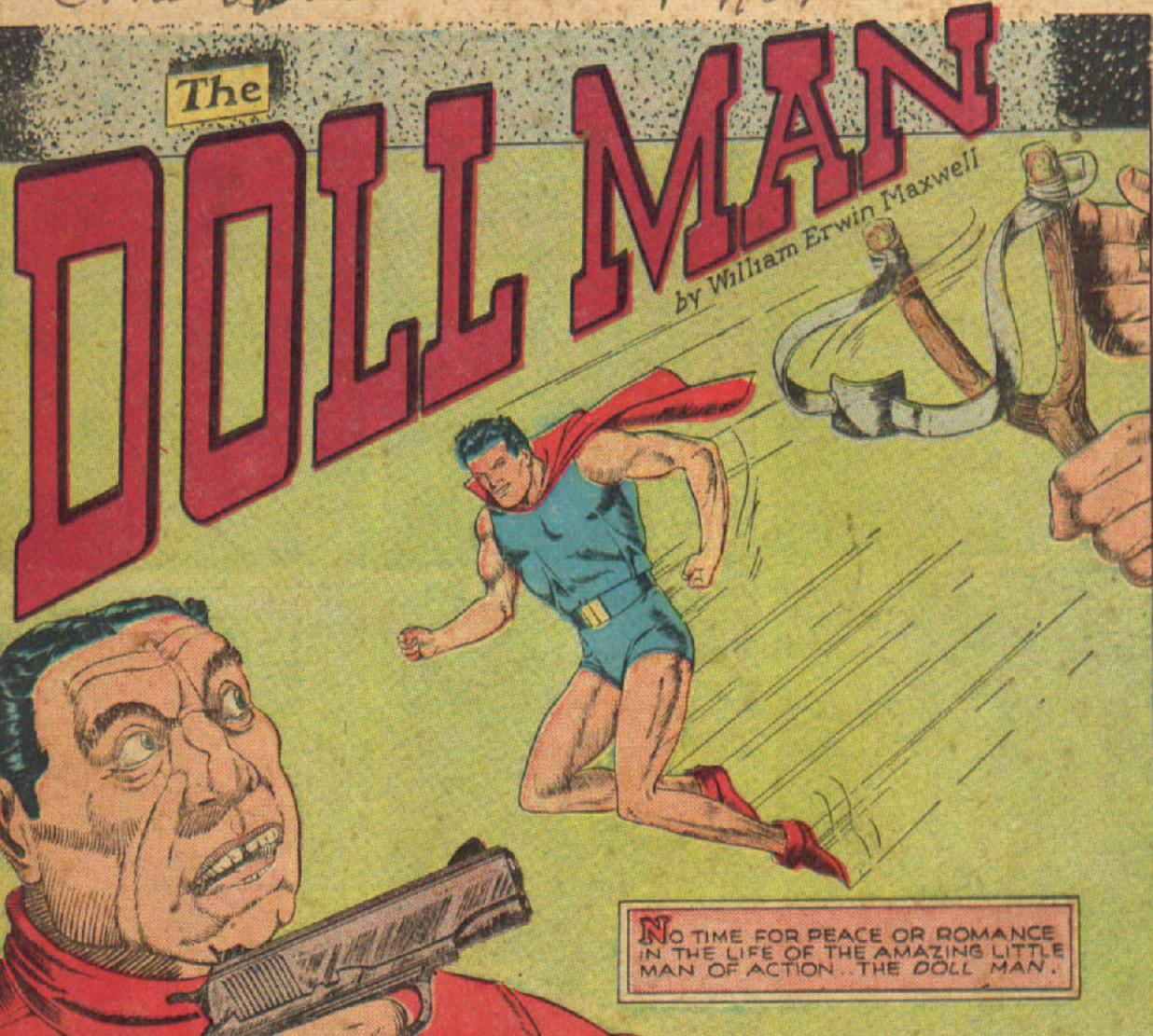
Please send me FREE—your full-color HOLLYWOOD ALBUM.

Name.....

Street.....

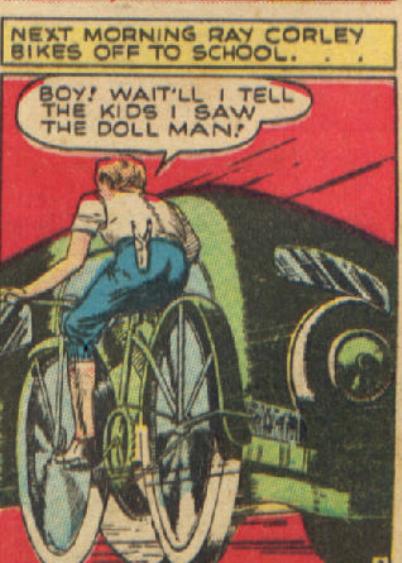
City..... State.....

Charlotte Schalk no 10



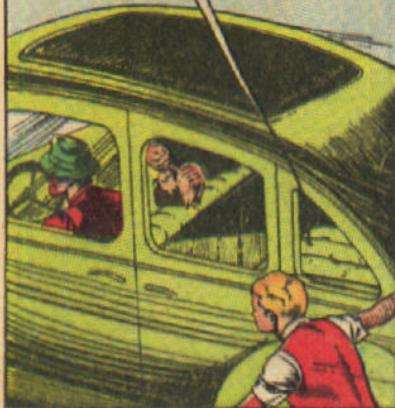
DARREL DANE AND MARTHA ROBERTS ARE ENJOYING A QUIET SPRING EVENING TOGETHER WHEN...





SUDDENLY HE GASPS...

HEY! THOSE GUYS
ARE FIGHTING!

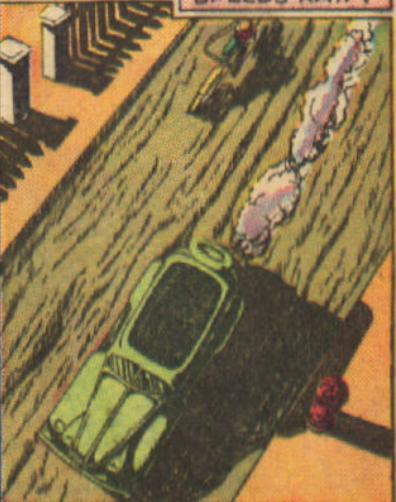


HE WATCHES THE CAR TURN IN
AT AN OLD DESERTED FARM-
HOUSE.



I'D BETTER FOLLOW
THEM.. IT LOOKS
LIKE A
KIDNAPPING!

DOWN THE COUNTRY ROAD IN
BREATHLESS EXCITEMENT
SPEEDS RAY...



I'D BETTER
HURRY BACK! OH!
SOMEONE'S
FOLLOWING
ME!



A CAR DRAWS UP BESIDE
HIM.

WHERE DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING? YOU
SHOULD BE IN
SCHOOL!

THE TRUANT
OFFICER!

YES, SIR!

BOARD OF EDUCATION

THAT AFTERNOON IN SCHOOL...

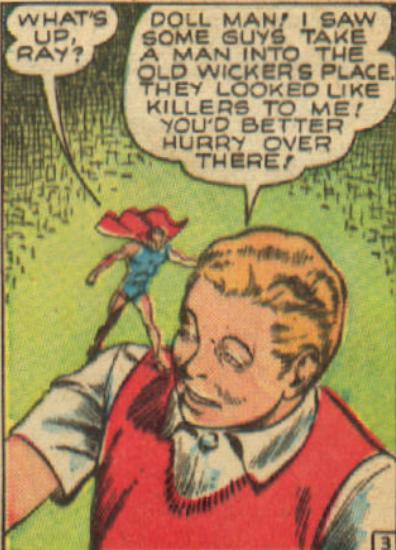


PSSST.. TOMMY, WILL YOU
TELL YOUR SISTER
MARTHA'S BOY FRIEND
TO COME HERE AFTER
SCHOOL? I GOTTA
STAY LATE AND IT'S
IMPORTANT!

SURE!



OH GEE! I
HOPE HE COMES.
I CAN'T LEAVE
TILL I GET
THESE DONE
AND I CAN'T
THINK!



WHAT'S
UP,
RAY?

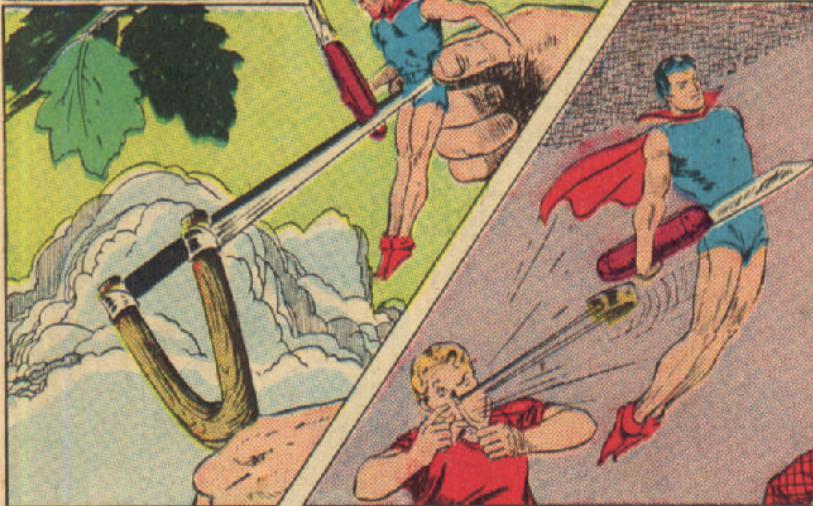
DOLL MAN! I SAW
SOME GUYS TAKE
A MAN INTO THE
OLD WICKER'S PLACE.
THEY LOOKED LIKE
KILLERS TO ME!
YOU'D BETTER
HURRY OVER
THERE!



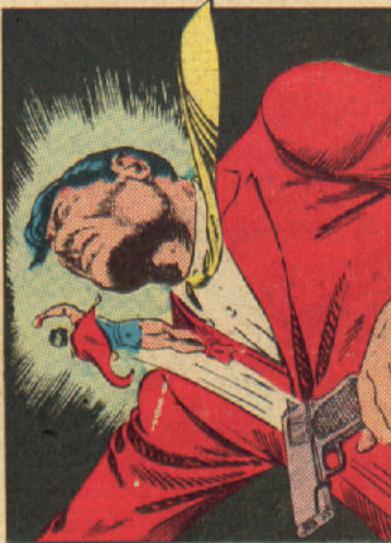
RAY SLIPS THE LITTLE FIGURE INTO HIS SLING.

AND OFF HE SHOOTS.

STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW TO SLICE THE HANGMAN'S ROPE IN TWO.



LIKE A LEAPING BULLET, DOLL MAN ATTACKS THE MURDERERS. HIS FISTS ARE SMALL AND EFFECTIVE.



THE TWO MEN ARE OUT COLD.

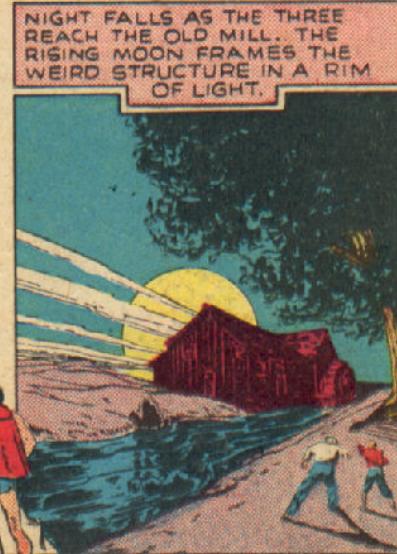


I WITNESSED THOSE MEN COMMIT A MURDER. THAT'S WHY THEY WANTED TO GET ME. THERE ARE MORE OF THEM AT DOBB'S MILL!



WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

NIGHT FALLS AS THE THREE REACH THE OLD MILL. THE RISING MOON FRAMES THE WEIRD STRUCTURE IN A RIM OF LIGHT.



AS RAY EXPLORES THE EERIE PLACE, A FIGURE CREEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.



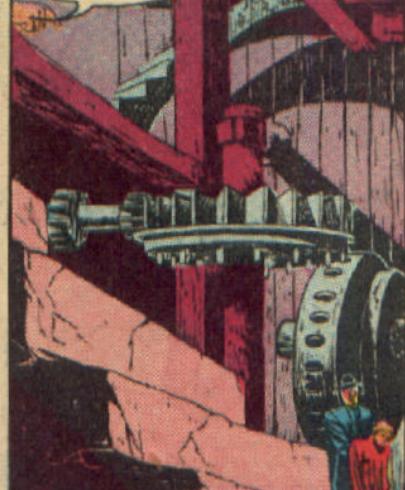
ALONG WITH THE FORMER KIDNAP VICTIM WHO IS ALSO SEPARATED FROM THE DOLL MAN, THE BOY IS FORCED INTO THE DARK MILL.



RAY IS UNCONSCIOUS AS THEY DRAG HIM IN... THE PLACE IS MUSTY FROM DISUSE . . .



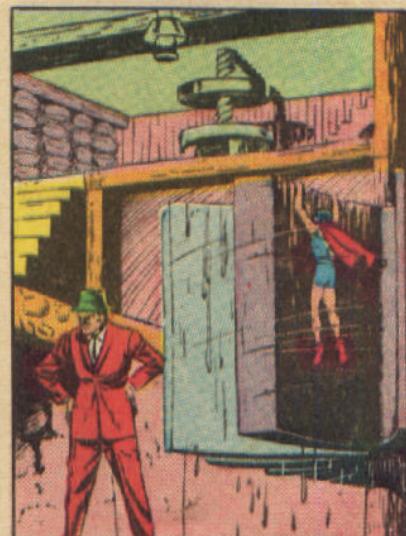
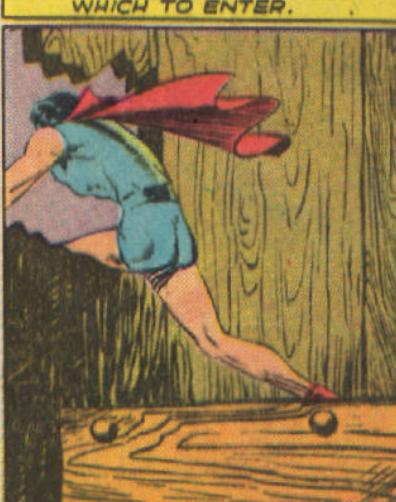
TIE 'EM UP! LATER WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN MAKE FLOUR FROM 'EM!



BUT THE DOLL MAN APPEARS...



AND FINDS A CRACK THROUGH WHICH TO ENTER.



I'M WHAT YOU'D CALL
GRIST IN THE MILL, AND
WILL I GUM UP THE
WORKS!



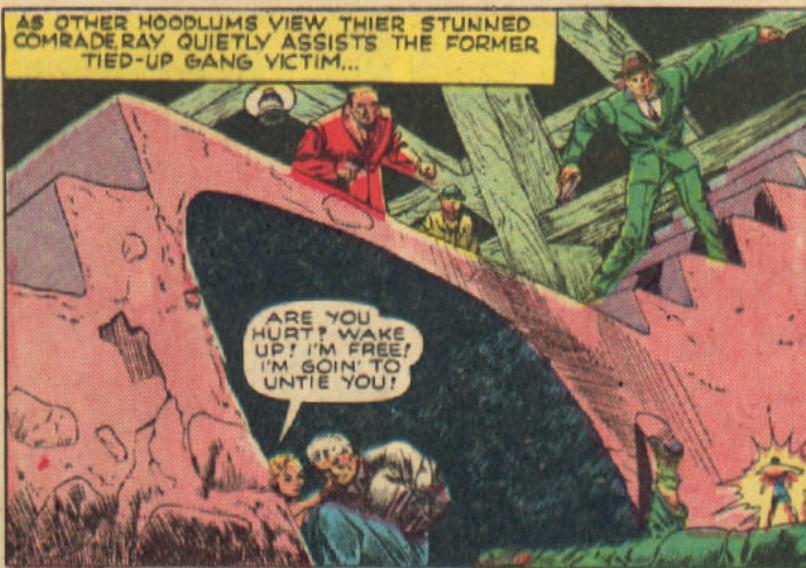
HALP! I'M DELIRIOUS!
I THOUGHT I SAW
A LITTLE MAN COME
OUT OF THE WHEEL,
AND . . .



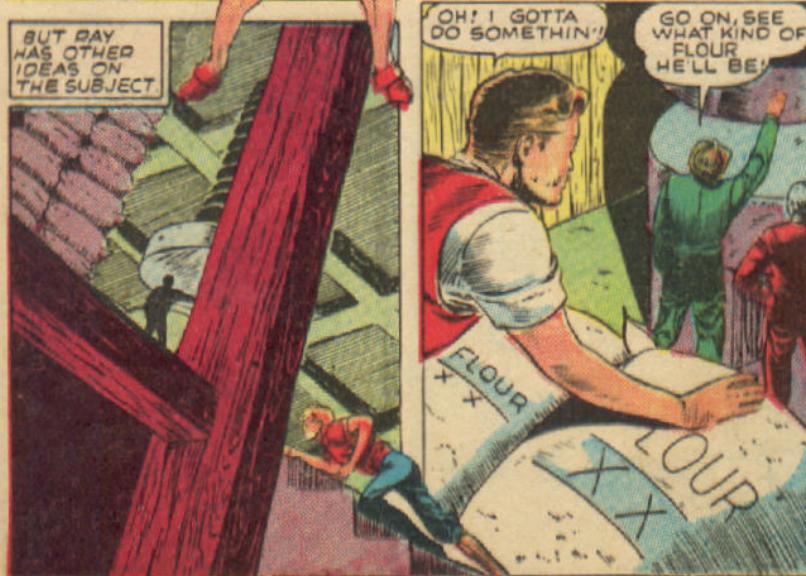
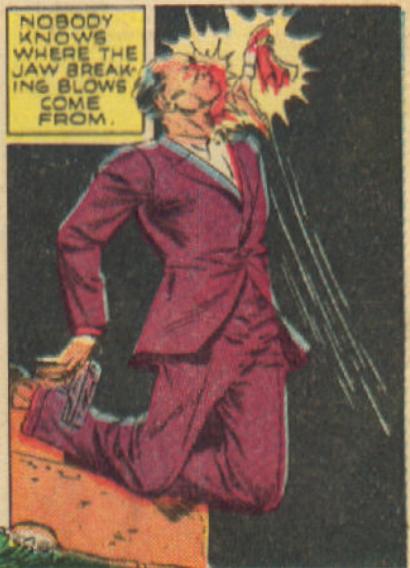
THE CROOK IS NO
LONGER DELIRIOUS...
HE'S OUT...



AS OTHER HOODLUMS VIEW THIER STUNNED
COMRADE RAY QUIETLY ASSISTS THE FORMER
TIED-UP GANG VICTIM...



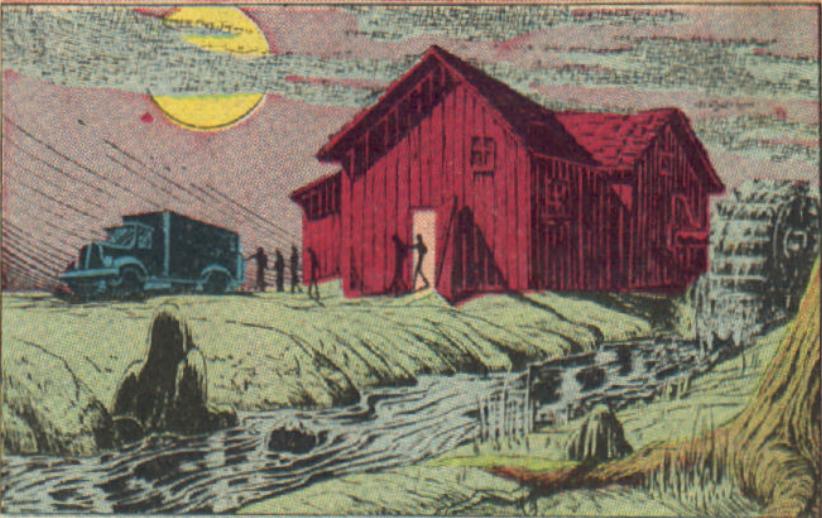
Nobody
knows
where the
jaw break-
ing blows
come
from.





RAY, GO INTO TOWN
AND BRING THE LAW
OUT HERE. I'LL
KEEP WATCH OVER
THESE SLEEPING
BEAUTIES!

IN LESS THAN AN HOUR THE OLD MILL'S MURDEROUS INHABITANTS ARE HUSTLED INTO THE POLICE VAN...



WHEN ALL ARE GONE, THE DOLL MAN COMES OUT AND RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL SIZE.

NEXT DAY RAY IS BACK IN SCHOOL, STILL DREAMING OF HIS RECENT ADVENTURES.... UNTIL...

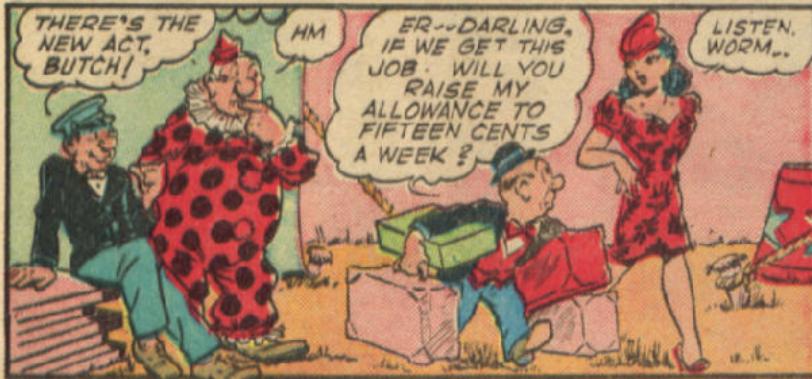


I MADE A MISTAKE YESTERDAY AND GAVE YOU ALL UPPER-CLASS PROBLEMS.. AND YOU ANSWERED THEM ALL CORRECTLY.. SO YOU MAY HAVE THE AFTERNOON OFF, FOR YOUR GOOD WORK.



Follow The Doll Man each and every month in FEATURE COMICS.

BIG TOP



BIG TOP

-AND GET A SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT BEFORE OUR DATE,
BUTCH!

OH-SURE,
SONIA!

I'VE ONLY GOT TWO BUCKS TO SPEND ON SONIA T'NIGHT— I CAN'T AFFORD A SHAVE AN' A HAIRCUT—



BUT SONIA SAYS I GOTTA GET 'EM SO I GOTTA GET 'EM — BUT FOR FREE!



HI YA, YOUNG FELLÀ—HOW'S TRICKS?



AH! GOODAMORNIN' MISTER— GOODAMORNIN' LITTLE BOY!



YOU SIT DOWN AN' WAIT, SONNY—I'LL GET SHAVED FIRST!



NICE DAY, YES? NO?



OKAY, NOW SON— SIT UP IN THE CHAIR AND THE BARBER WILL GIVE YOU A NICE HAIRCUT!



I'M GOING ACROSS THE STREET TO GET A CIGAR WHILE YOU CUT THE BOY'S HAIR!



THERE YOU ARE—HA HA! WHEN YOUR POP HE COMES BACK HE WON'T KNOW YOU!



THAT MAN ISN'T MY FATHER!

WHAT'S THIS? YOU TELLA ME. THE MAN YOU COME IN WITH—HE'S NOT YOUR PAPA?



NAW! I JUST MET HIM ON THE STREET...

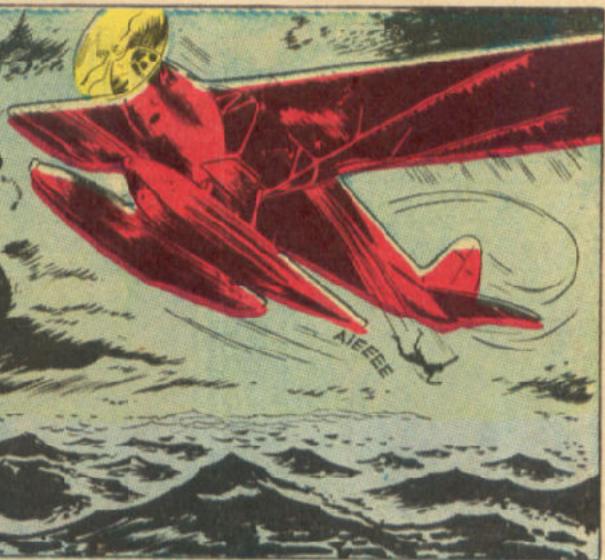


—AND HE ASKED ME IF I WANTED A FREE HAIRCUT!

RANCE KEANE

BLACK TWISTING CLOUDS AND A RAVING WIND HOUND THE SCHOONER WHITE WING ON HER RUN HOME... WHILE RANCE KEANE AND HIS FRIENDS PEEWEE LEE AND HARVEY TOPPING ARE SNUG AND SAFE ABOARD THEIR STOLT SHIP, A STRANGE, ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE HUMAN DRAMA COMES TO A STUNNING CONCLLUSION IN THE TORMENTED AIR ABOVE THEM.....!

WILL ARTHUR



THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE STORM LETS UP...



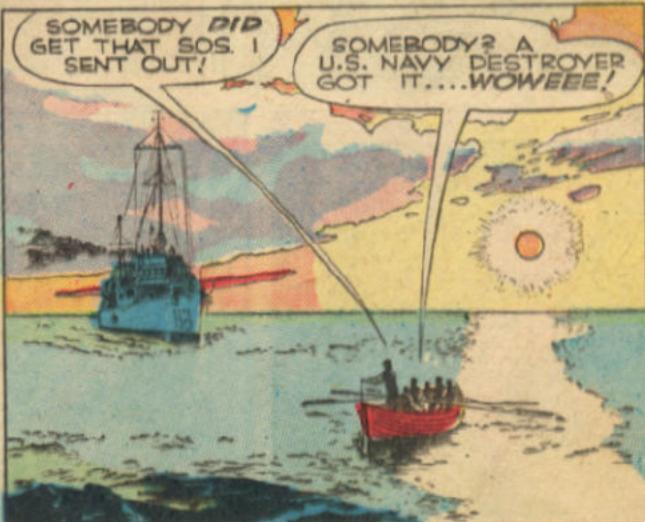
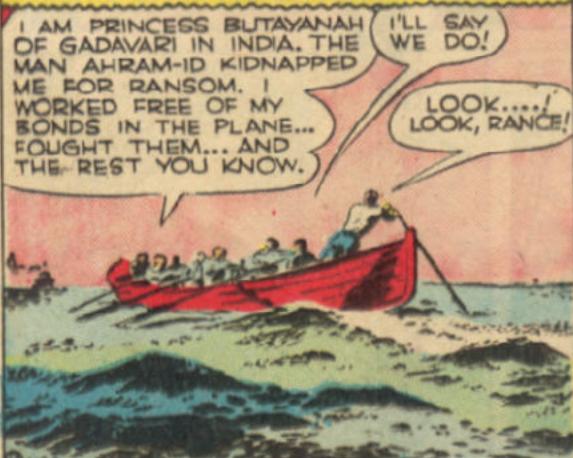




YELLING FOR HARVEY TOPPING TO SEND OUT AN SOS, RANCE SPRANTS FOR THE WHALING GUN MOUNTED ON THE WHITE WING'S FOREDECK....



IT'S THE NEXT MORNING BEFORE THE GIRL RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW SHE GOT WHEN RANCE CONKED AHRAM-ID. IT RESTORES HER MEMORY....



Read the latest adventures of Rance Keane and Pee Wee in the May issue.

SAMAR

BY John Charles



A QUIET JUNGLE EVENING FINDS SAMAR STROLLING ALONE.. SUDDENLY A LEAN HUNGRY PANTHER STALKS ACROSS HIS PATH.



SAMAR STANDS HIS GROUND, WEAPONLESS AND UNAFRAID.. HE GAZES FIXEDLY INTO THE BEAST'S CRUEL EYES. . . .



HYPNOTIZED, THE CAT SLINKS BACK INTO THE BRUSH.



A SHORT WHILE LATER..

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



I'LL GET A BETTER VIEW FROM THESE TREES!



A GIRL WHIPPING THOSE CHAINED NATIVES.. A SLAVER!



CRUELLY, WITH WHIP
AND BITING WORDS
SHE FORCES HER
CAPTIVES ON...



AND THE BEATEN MEN MAKE NO
EFFORT TO RESIST.. SAMAR
FOLLOWS THE STRANGE PROCESSION.



THEY ENTER A SMALL
KRAAL.



INSIDE.

BUT, ALINA..
ALL RIGHT, I
CAN'T ARGUE
WITH YOU!

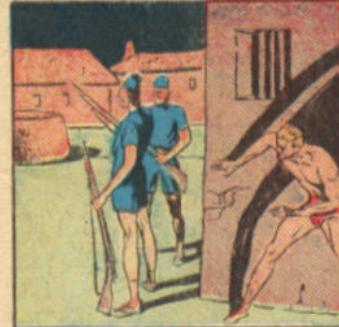


DON'T TRY TO BEAT
DOWN MY PRICE, HAJI,
FOR THE BEST
SLAVES IN AFRICA
YOU CAN PAY MORE
THAN THAT!

MY, HAJI, WHOSE CARAVAN
DID YOU STEAL THESE FROM?
I SHOULD HAVE ASKED
FOR MORE!



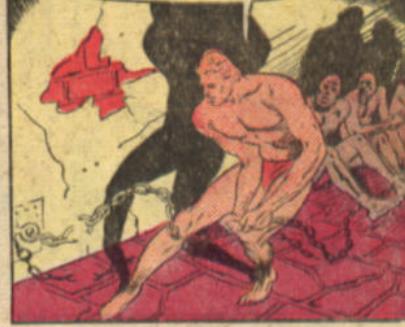
SAMAR WAITS UNTIL NIGHT-
FALL.. THEN HE NEARS THE
CAPTIVES' PRISON..



THIS IS THE ONLY WAY
TO KEEP YOU
QUIET!



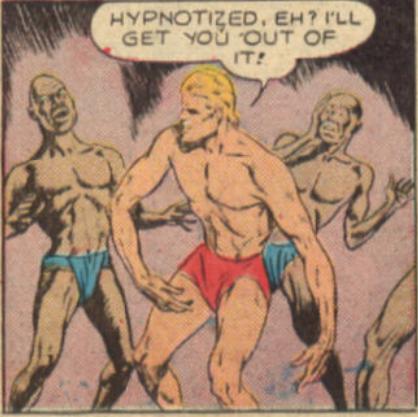
HERE, YOU MEN ARE
FREE.. NOW TELL ME
ALL ABOUT IT!



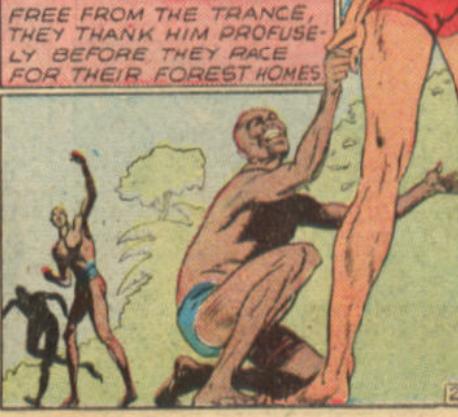
BUT THE MUTE NATIVES
OFFER ONLY A BLANK
STARE.

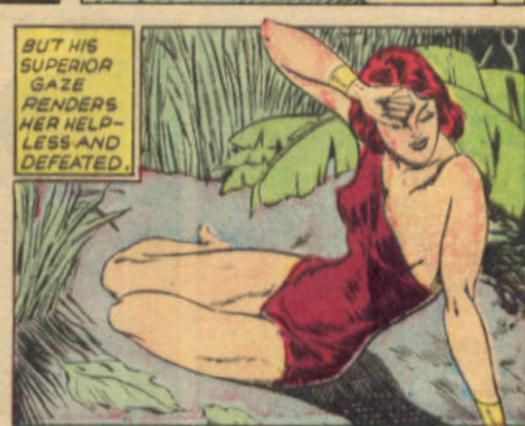


HYPNOTIZED, EH? I'LL
GET YOU OUT OF
IT!



FREE FROM THE TRANCE,
THEY THANK HIM PROFUSELY
BEFORE THEY RACE
FOR THEIR FOREST HOMES.





COME ON
THEN.. AND
I HOPE YOU'LL
BE SOME HELP
TO ME!

A FEW HOURS LATER THEY PAUSE TO REST.



YOU STOP THEM, ALINA. TELL HAJI HE MUST FOLLOW TANA PASS. SAY THE BRIDGE IS WASHED OUT!



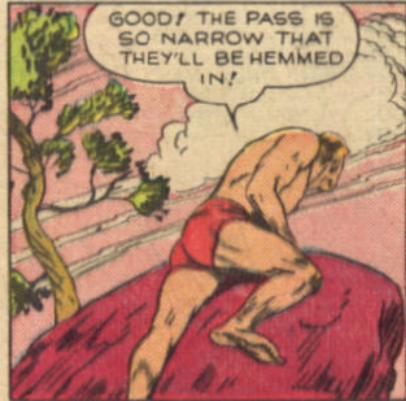
THE GIRL OBEYS TO THE LETTER.



BECAUSE HAJI KNOWS HER, HE SUSPECTS NO TREACHERY... HIS PARTY READILY CHANGES ITS ROUTE.



GOOD! THE PASS IS SO NARROW THAT THEY'LL BE HEMMED IN!



TAKEN BY SURPRISE, HAJI FALLS FROM HIS SADDLE.



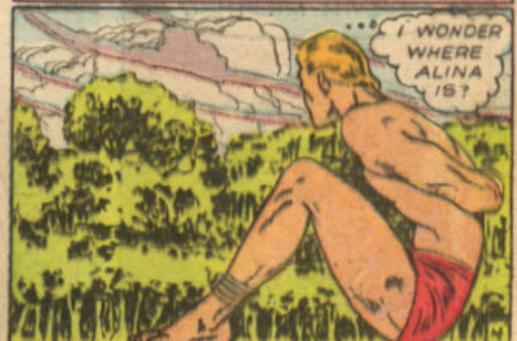
HIS LOUD CRIES PUNCTUATED BY SAMAR'S BLOWS ATTRACT HIS MEN.



WHO COME TO HIS AID, EVIL GLINTS IN THEIR EYES, ... DEADLY WEAPONS IN THEIR HANDS.



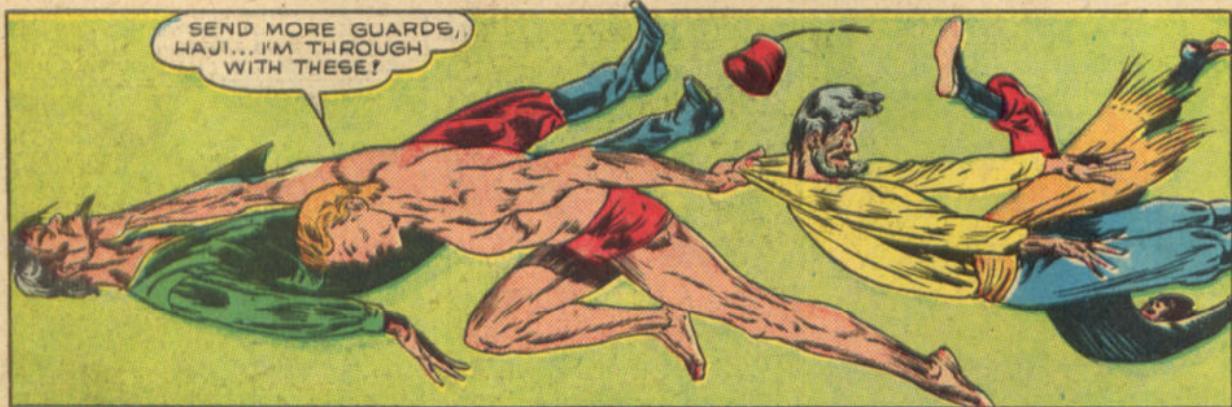
THEIR SUPERIOR NUMBERS TRIUMPH THAT NIGHT SAMAR SITS ALONE OUTSIDE THE CAMP OF HAJI.. A CAPTIVE....



BUT ALINA, STILL UNDER SAMAR'S HYPNOTIC POWER, COMES TO HIS AID.



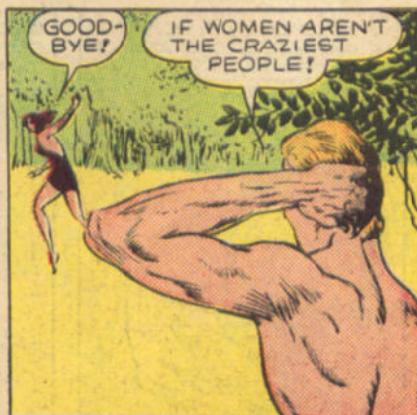
BUT HAJI HAS SEEN THIS PROCEDURE.



THE FREED SLAVES OVERWHELM ALINA WITH THEIR GRATITUDE.. IN HER TRANCE SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.



INSTANTLY SHE RETURNS TO NORMAL.



Another installment of Samar in the May issue—on sale March 26th.

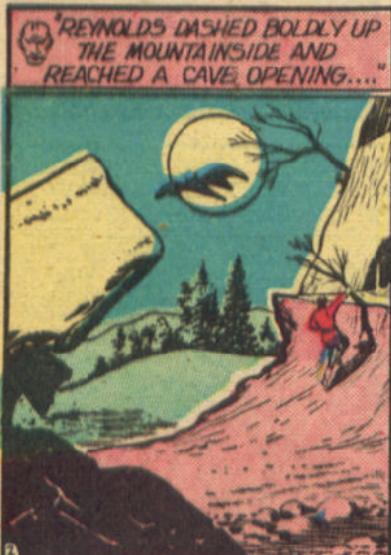
HELLO FOLKS.
I'M THE OLD TIMER,
AND WITH YOU AGAIN... I
PROMISED TO TELL YOU
THE STORY OF SERGEANT
REYNOLDS
AND THE
BLACK BAT...
SO....

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

by
ART PINAJIAN

"IT ALL STARTED IN A NORTHWEST MOUNTAIN RANGE ONE CRISP CLEAR NIGHT... SUDDENLY THERE WAS A TERRIBLE SCREECHING NOISE AND A MONSTROUS SHAPE HUNG AGAINST TH' SKY."





"IN THE DARKNESS THEY FOUGHT
LIKE TIGERS...REYNOLDS WAS
GETTING THE BEST OF IT..."



"SUDDENLY THERE WAS A CRASHING
BLOW FROM BEHIND, AND ALL WENT
BLACK FOR THE SERGEANT...."



"THE BLACK BAT PICKED UP THE LIMP
FIGURE AND CARRIED IT DEEP INTO
THE CAVERN..."



"BACK IN THE CABIN I WAS TALKING
TO MARIE..."



"THEN I SAW SOMETHING BACK OF
THE FIREPLACE..."



"WE SLIPPED THROUGH THE SECRET
PANEL AND WALKED DOWN A LONG
FLIGHT OF STAIRS...."



"WE MOVED ALONG SLOWLY...SUDDENLY
SEVERAL LARGE BATS CAME OUT OF
THE DARKNESS..."



"THE TORCH WENT OUT...I HEARD
FOOTSTEPS...THEN A CRY FROM MARIE



"I STOOD HELPLESS IN THE DARK
AS THE BLACK BAT MADE OFF WITH
MARIE...."



"MEANWHILE REYNOLDS CAME TO...
SOMEONE HAD BEEN SHAKING HIM."



"A MAN? HAHAHAHA!
YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING--
THE BLACK BAT IS
REAL--NOW'S YOUR
CHANCE TO GET
OUT OF HERE!"



"SUDDENLY THE BLACK BAT CAME
OUT OF THE DARKNESS CARRYING
MARIE..."



"STAY WHERE YOU
ARE, MOUNTIE--
I'VE GOT YOU
COVERED WITH
YOUR OWN
GUN....
NICE
WORK, JEAN!"

"SO! THAT'S
WHY YOU
TRIED TO MAKE
ME LEAVE,
EH MADAME
DUPRE...YOU AND
YOUR SON ARE
BEHIND THIS!"



"YES--WE FOUND BITS OF
RADIUM ORE ON MARIE'S
PROPERTY...WE THOUGHT THE
BLACK BAT IDEA WOULD
FRIGHTEN HER AND SHE'D
SELL IT CHEAP--BUT
THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT
THAT WAY..."



"NOW BOTH OF YOU KNOW
TOO MUCH... THE SWIFT
CURRENT OF THIS
STREAM WILL DISPOSE
OF BOTH OF YOU
WITHOUT LEAVING A
TRACE...THROW HER
IN, JEAN!"



"AT THIS MOMENT I LUCKILY
CAME UPON THE SCENE....I
HAD TO ACT QUICKLY....."



"MY THROWN ROCK CAUGHT THE
OLD LADY ON THE FOREHEAD...
SHE TOPPLED OVER..."



"CRIES OF AGONY WERE HEARD AS
THE STRONG CURRENT CARRIED
HER AWAY..."



"REYNOLDS LEAPED AT THE BLACK BAT BUT THE FIEND ACTED A SECOND SOONER..."



"THEN HE RAN OFF WITH MARIE...."



"WE FOLLOWED THE BLACK BAT THROUGH THE WINDING CAVE...."



"THE CHASE WAS TOO FAST FOR ME SO I HAD TO DROP BEHIND. BUT REYNOLDS GAINED AS THEY CAME TO AN OPENING..."



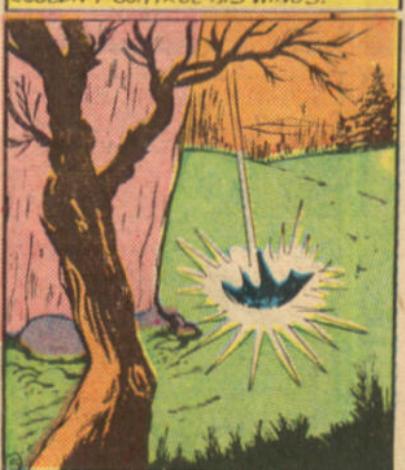
"AS THEY CAME OUT ON THE LEDGE THE SERGEANT CAUGHT UP TO HIS QUARRY..."



"AS HE DROPPED MARIE, THE BLACK BAT LEAPED OUT INTO SPACE....



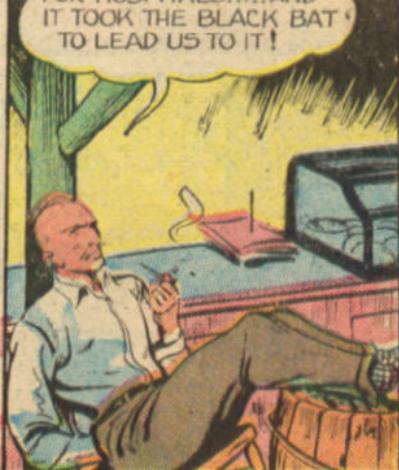
"BUT HE WAS WRONG - THE HEIGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM... AND HE COULDN'T CONTROL HIS WINGS."



"LATER...."



"THAT'S THE END OF THE BLACK BAT --- COME ON, OLD TIMER.... YOU'RE AN OLD PROSPECTOR - LET'S FIND OUT ABOUT THAT RADIUM ORE !!

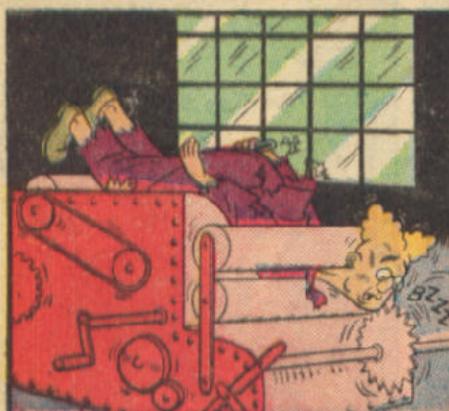
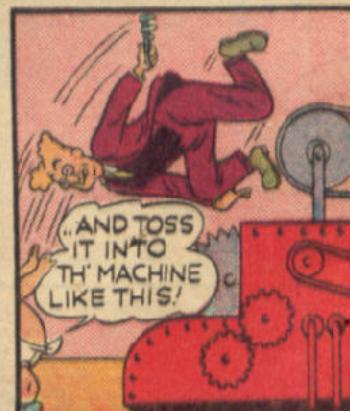
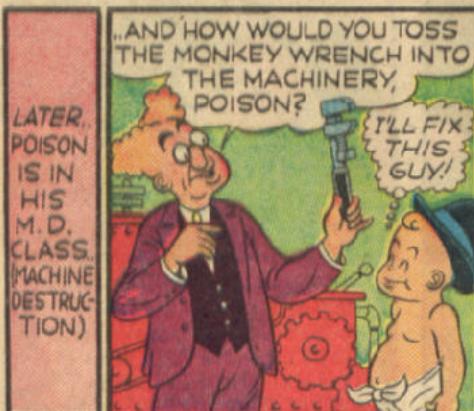


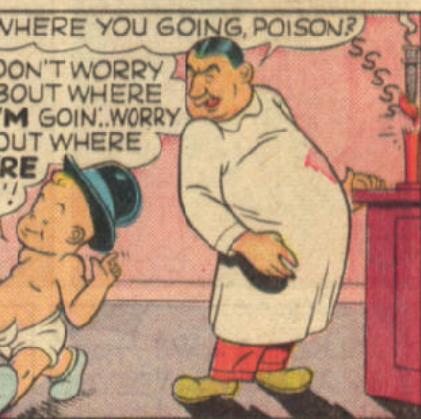
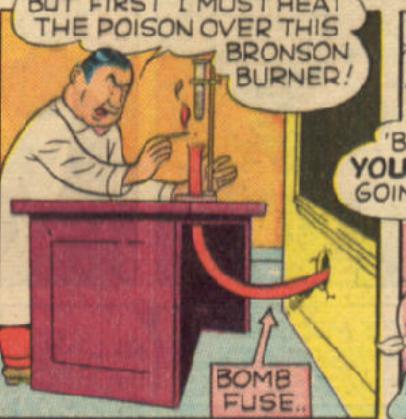
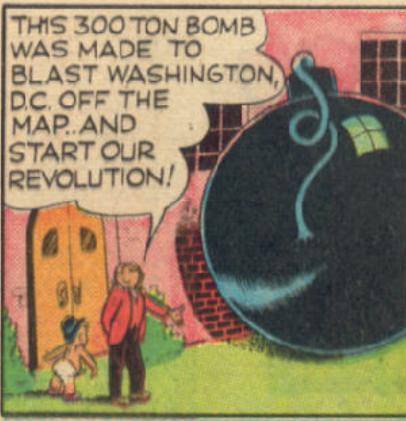
Follow Reynolds Of The Mounted in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE

BY -GILL FOX-





Enjoy Poison Ivy in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

DUSTY DANE

DUSTY DANE AND MIKE CARDIGAN RESCUE AN ARABIAN PRINCESS, AHMEER, FROM A SLAVE TRADER.. THEY ARE NOW FACED WITH THE PERILOUS TASK OF RETURNING HER TO HER PEOPLE!

TWO WEEKS LATER THEY DROP ANCHOR IN TURABA...



A STRANGE CROWD WATCHES THE NEW ARRIVALS..



WE'LL LEAVE THIS PORT AS SOON AS WE TAKE ON FOOD AND WATER! STAY ON BOARD WHILE WE'RE GONE.. THIS IS A TOUGH TOWN!



A SWARTHY ARAB EYES THE GIRL..



THE ARAB MAKES HIS WAY THRU THE NARROW ALLEYS OF TURABA AND ENTERS A SMALL DARK HUT...



JALNOR! I HAVE THE GOOD NEWS.. DETAILS QUICK! ALLAH IS KIND TO US!



THEY HOLD A WHISPERED CONVERSATION..

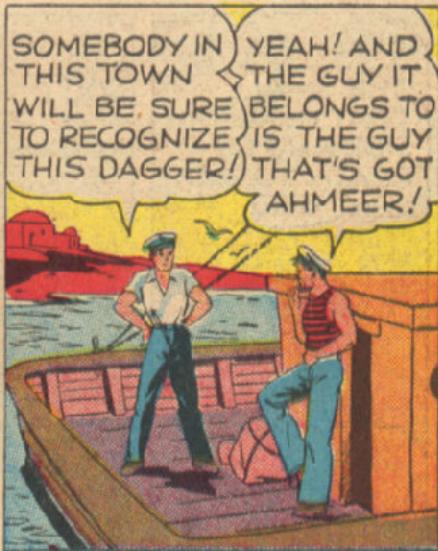


ALLAH IS INDEED KIND! SUMMON MY MEN! HURRY!



LATER.. LADEN WITH PROVISIONS, DUSTY AND MIKE RETURN TO THEIR SHIP.





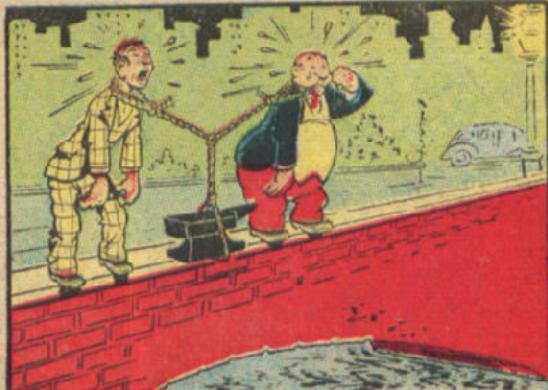




Dusty Dane will thrill you in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

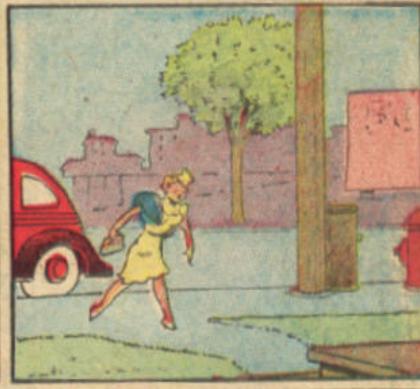
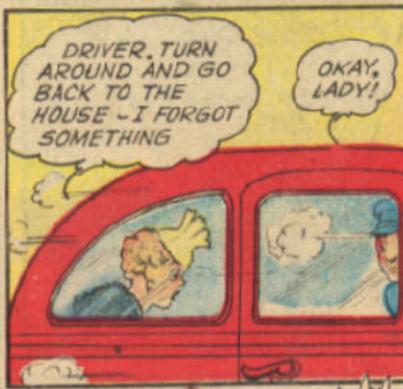
LALA PALOZA

MAYBE THESE
WILL KEEP
ME OUT OF
TROUBLE!





LALA PALOOZA



More of Lala Palooza in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale March 26th.

BY
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

BLACKBURN

Captain BRUCE
in
BOOMERANG BLAST

CAPT. BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE BAND, AN ANTI-AMERICAN GROUP. AND AS A MEMBER HE GETS MUCH INFORMATION WHEN BRUCE GOES INTO ACTION. HIS DOUBLE, JACKSON, TAKES HIS PLACE.

PINCELL SAYS HE'S HEARD OF A PLOT TO BLOW UP THE PANAMA CANAL!



HOW THIS PINCELL LEARNS, I DO NOT KNOW, BUT HE IS RIGHT!

SO?



AND WITH THESE YANKEES' OWN EXPLOSIVES, WE WILL DO IT! YES!

SPLENDID!



SO, I'D BETTER GO TO WASHINGTON! I'LL GET JACKSON TO TAKE MY PLACE!

LATER AS BRUCE LEAVES THE BAND CAMP TO SWITCH PLACES WITH HIS DOUBLE!

BLACK, I AM TO GO WITH YOU! NO LONGER MAY WE LEAVE ALONE! IT IS ORDERED!

WAIT A MINUTE, GROSS!

I FORGOT MY MONEY, GROSS! LET'S GO!



BACK IN BRUCE'S ROOM.

GOOD THING I FORESAW THIS! PLAN "H" SHOULD DO IT!



GIVE ME A PRESS!

HERE IT IS!



THE NEWSVENDOR IS ONE OF BRUCE'S AGENTS — SERGEANT GURK.



H7N, EH? I'LL PHONE THIS TO LIEUTENANT JACKSON.

IN JACKSON'S HOTEL ROOM.

H7N MEANS "PLAN H..SWITCH WITH BRUCE AT 7 TONIGHT!" I'LL BE THERE!



FOLLOWING PLAN H THAT NIGHT, JACKSON, IN BAND UNIFORM, SITS BEHIND A COLUMN IN HIS HOTEL LOBBY!

IT'S ALMOST 7. BRUCE SHOULD BE HERE!



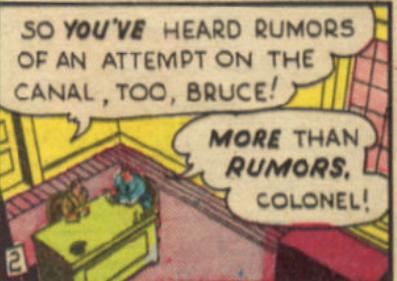
AND AS PART OF THE PLAN, BUMPS INTO GROSS!



UNLESS YOU THINK YOU CAN LICK BOTH OF US, SCRAM!



3 HOURS LATER, THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, COL JORDAN



AND OUTSIDE THE HOTEL -

I NEED CIGARETTES. I'LL GET SOME IN THIS HOTEL, GROSS.



I'LL GO IN WITH YOU!

INSIDE THE HOTEL GURK WAITS

HERE COMES BRUCE!



SO! I'M A BUM, YOU-YOU-

AND WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SUIT YOU'RE WEARIN; FATTY?



MEANWHILE, DURING THE EXCITEMENT -

JACKSON! TAKE MY PLACE, QUICK!



AN HOUR LATER BRUCE IS ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.



THEY ARE PLANNING TO USE OUR EXPLOSIVES TO DO THE JOB!



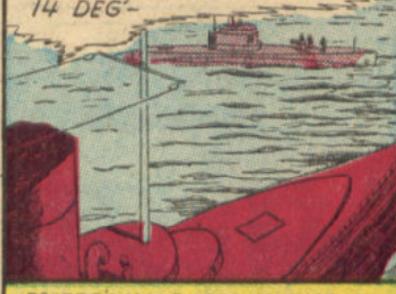
IN FACT, UNTIL THE ALTON, OUR AMMUNITION SHIP GETS THERE TOMORROW NOON -



MEANWHILE, AT THE AMMUNITION SHIP, THE ALTON.

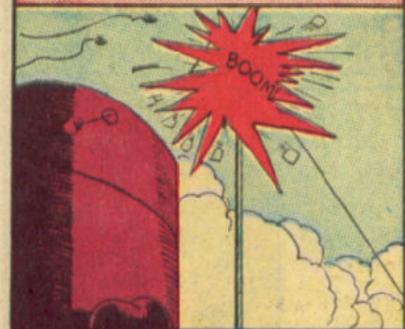


SSS - SSS - SSS - POSITION
14 DEG'

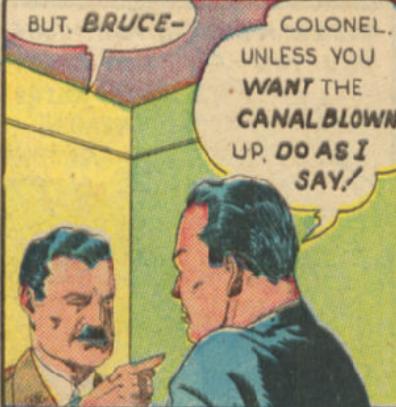


EDITOR'S NOTE: SSS IS THE
SUBMARINE ATTACK DISTRESS CALL.

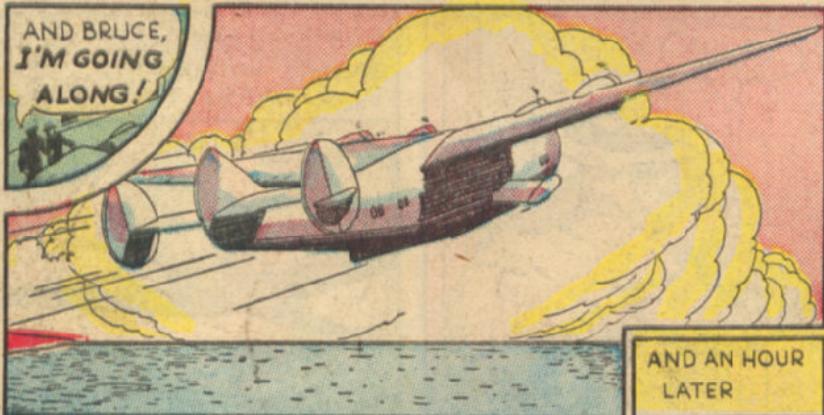
AERIAL WRECKED, THE CALL
FOR HELP ENDS ABRUPTLY.



AND BACK IN WASHINGTON



AND BRUCE,
I'M GOING
ALONG!



11 HOURS SOUTHWEST
FROM WASHINGTON, OVER
THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

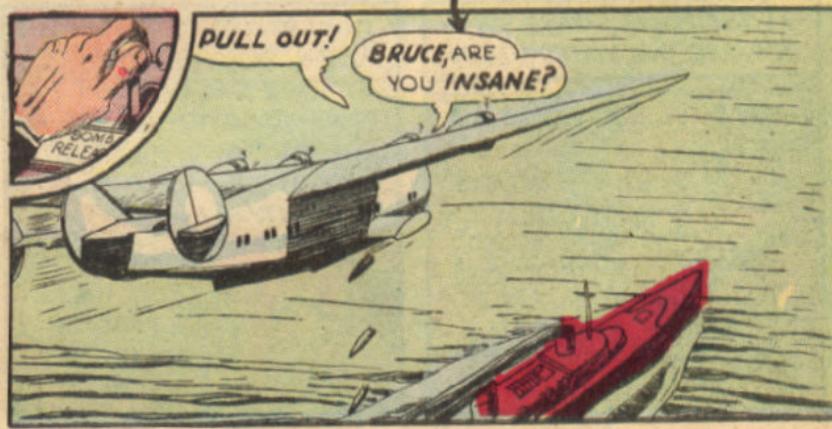
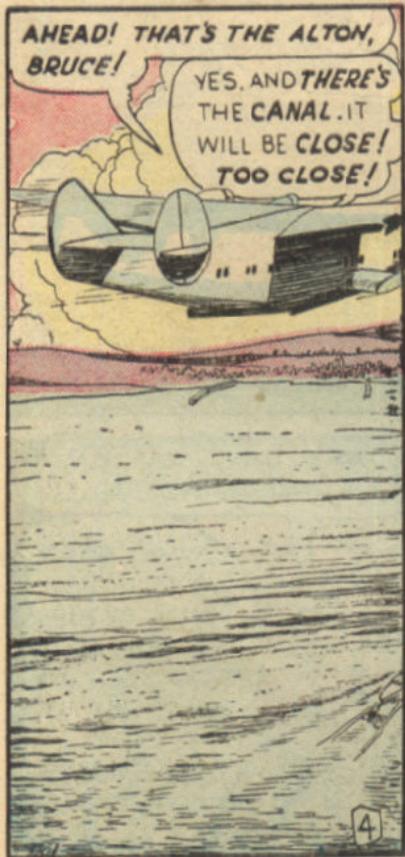
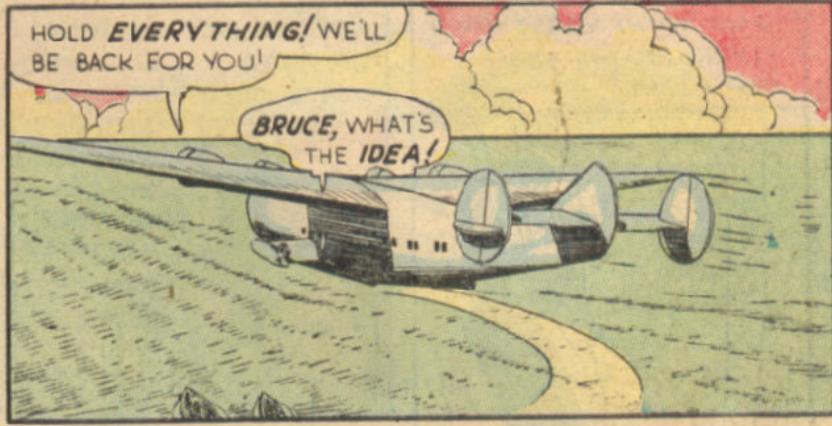
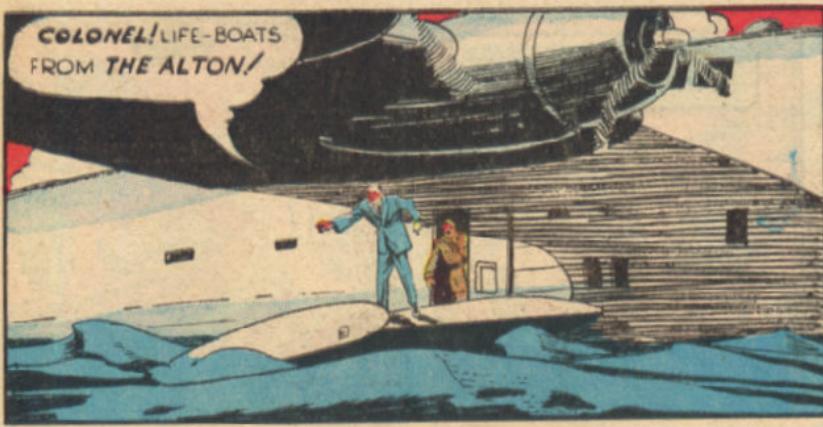


COLONEL, 3 LIFEBOATS
AHEAD! PILOT, SET IT
DOWN!



AND THE GREAT PLANE
ALIGHTS ON THE WATER.





THE BOMBS HURTLE TOWARD THE ALTON, THEIR TARGET!



A RENDING EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE AIR

BOOM!

AND IN THE BLAST THE FLYING BOAT IS TOSSED LIKE A LEAF.



NOW, GO BACK AND PICK UP THAT BOAT'S CREW!

BRUCE, YOU JUST BLEW UP \$5,000,000 WORTH OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY!

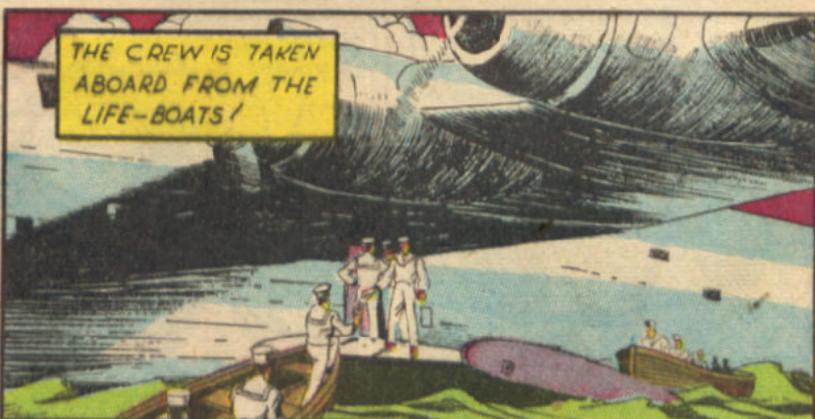


YOUR EXPLANATION HAD BETTER BE GOOD!

IT IS—I HOPE!



THE CREW IS TAKEN ABOARD FROM THE LIFE-BOATS!



AS THE PLANE ROARS ON TOWARD THE UNITED STATES

HERE'S THE STORY, COLONEL! THE ALTON'S CAPTAIN WILL BEAR ME OUT IN IT, I BELIEVE.

GO AHEAD, BRUCE



THE CREW THEY PUT ON THE ALTON WAS REALLY A SUICIDE CREW. THEY WERE GOING TO GET THE ALTON INTO THE LOCKS, BLOW IT UP, AND DIE WITH IT!

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! THEY BOASTED OF IT!



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS BEFORE, BRUCE?

WHAT GOOD WOULD IT HAVE DONE? BY THE TIME YOU GOT PERMISSION TO BOMB THE ALTON, THE CANAL WOULD HAVE BEEN GONE!





by
MAURICE GUTWIRTH

AS PART OF A DEAL
BETWEEN THE UNITED
STATES AND ENGLAND,
SOME OF THE 50 DESTROY-
ERS ARE STEAMING
TOWARD CANADA.



ALWAYS ON THE ALERT,
USA ROAMS THE SKY.



MY FLAG DROPS-
DANGER IS NEAR!



IT'S A NAVY
OFFICER IN
TROUBLE!



FASTER THAN A THOUGHT, USA
DESCENDS UPON THE ABDUCTORS.

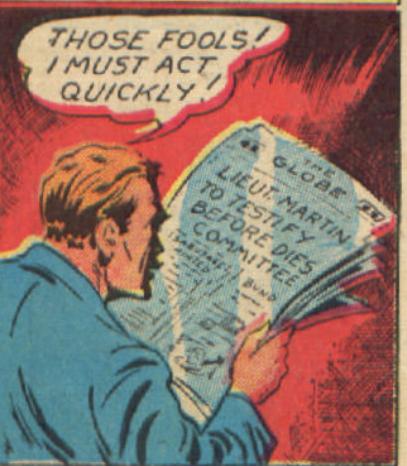


THOSE MEN ARE
SPIES THEY
WORK ON OUR
DESTROYERS.

YOU SHOULD
NOTIFY THE
DIES INVESTIGATING
COMMITTEE



GEERING, THE LEADER OF THE
SPY RING, LEARNS OF THE
FAILURE OF HIS HENCHMEN.



AND LATER, NEAR LIEUT.
MARTIN'S HOME...

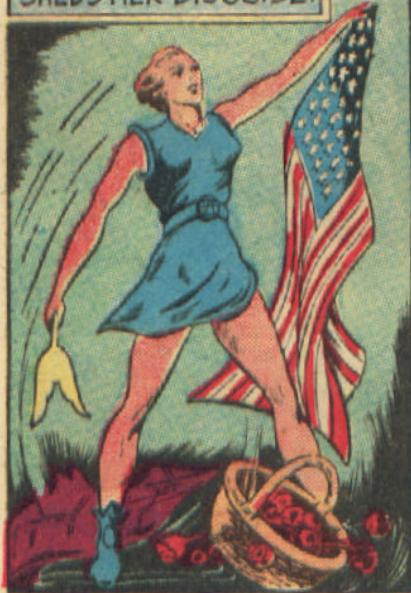




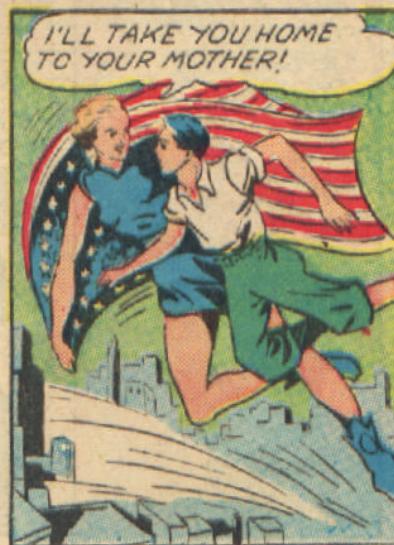
AT GEERING'S HEADQUARTERS



IN A FLASH THE OLD LADY
SHEDS HER DISGUISE.



BUT USA'S TORCH OF LIBERTY
DOES ITS WORK AND THE GUN
BREAKS INTO PIECES.



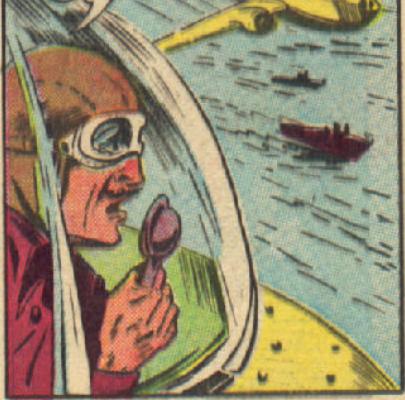
STEADILY THE DESTROYERS
STEAM TOWARD THEIR GOAL.



GEERING AND HIS BOMBERS
FOLLOW CLOSELY OVERHEAD.



WE'RE OUT OF THE
AMERICAN ZONE—
PREPARE FOR THE
ATTACK, MEN!



BUT HIGH IN THE SKY... A
SHADOW FORMS ON THE LOFTY
CLOUDS... THE SHADOW OF USA.



AMERICA'S PLEDGE
SHALL NOT BE
BROKEN — THE
SHIPS WILL REACH
THEIR PORT!



OUR ENEMIES
WILL PERISH...
FREEDOM
SHALL
ALWAYS
RULE!

USA'S TORCH
DOES ITS
DEADLY
WORK...



EXTRA! EXTRA!
LIEUT. MARTIN'S
TESTIMONY AT THE
DIES INVESTIGATING
COMMITTEE EXPOSES
THE SOUTHERN DOCK-
WORKERS AGENCY
AS A SPY RING...
READ ALL
ABOUT IT!

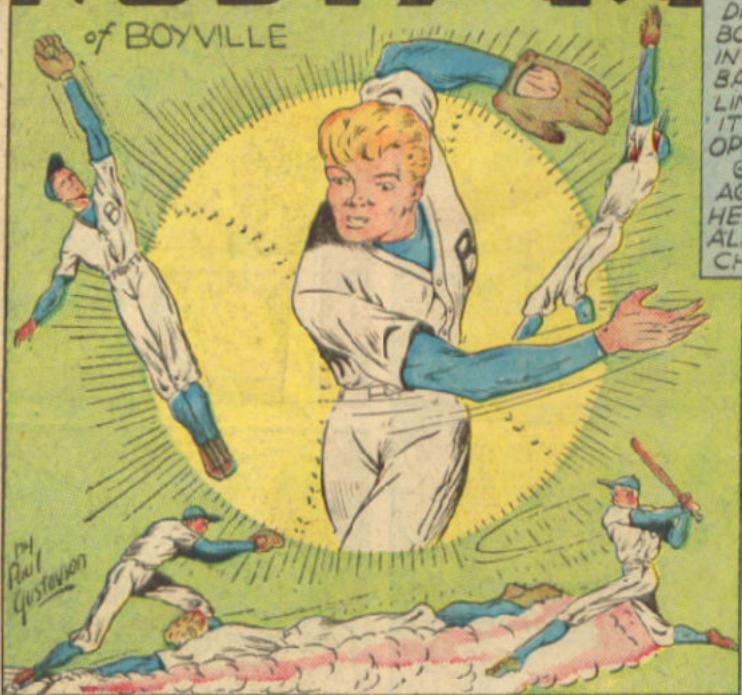


SEE USA IN A THRILLING
ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

RUSTY RYAN

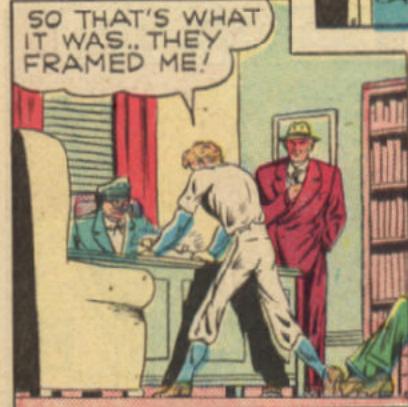
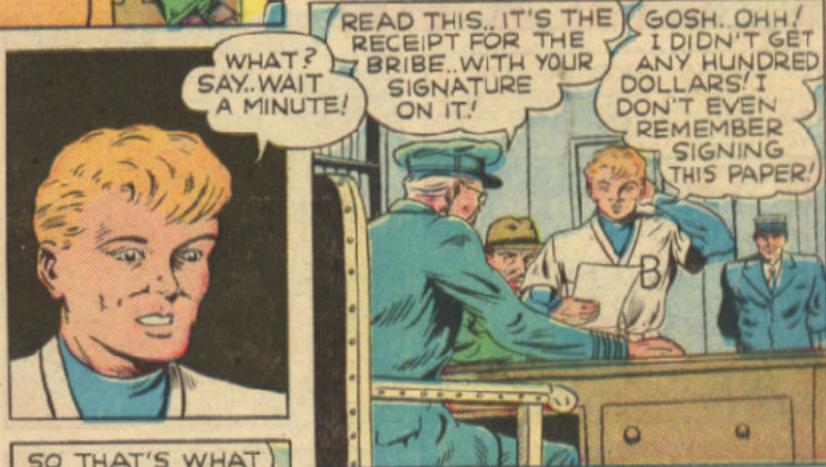
of BOYVILLE

SPRING DRAWS
BOYVILLE
INTO THE
BASEBALL
LIMELIGHT.
IT'S THE
OPENING
GAME AGAINST
HEMPSTED
ALL-STATE
CHAMPS!



A SHORT TIME LATER...







LATER.. AS THE BIG GAME GOES INTO THE SEVENTH INNING, WORRY GRIPS RUSTY. HE DOESN'T TELL THE OTHERS.



WOW! WONDER WHAT WE CAN DO..

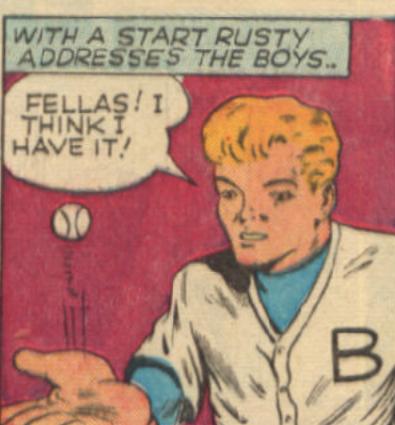
YEAH..

SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU, RUSTY.. YOU CAN'T KID US! YOU'RE PITCHING WAY OFF FORM!



I'VE BEEN FRAMED INTO THROWING THIS GAME!

WHAT?
HUH? YOU'RE JOKIN'!

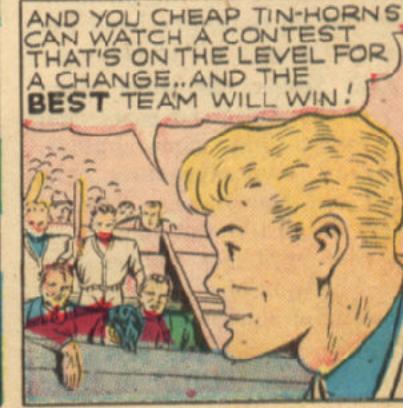
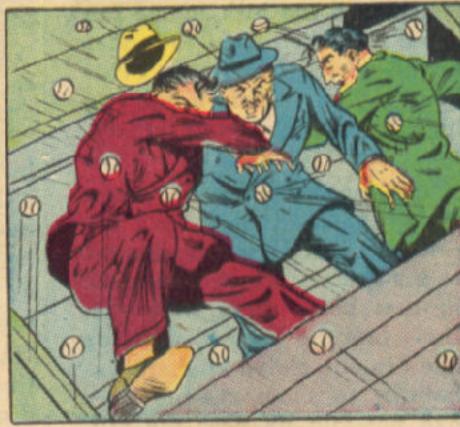


WE GOT THEM SPOTTED!



YEAH!





Read Rusty Ryan in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale March 26th.

JUNGLE DEVIL

BY
ROBERT HYATT

"There shall be evil come of this hunt," said Gamba, the old *havildar*, or beater.

To at least three people seated on the verandah of that jungle bungalow, the head beater's words fell like a bomb. Those three looked at the brown Nepalese in startled amazement.

Old Colonel Riggs-Stratton shoved his pith helmet back and regarded his majordomo of the hunt critically.

"Gamba, when you say that, it means something," he stated. "What, exactly?"

Gamba shook his head. "I only feel it."

Llewellyn Scott was fresh from America and this was to be his first tiger hunt. "Hey, what is this, Colonel?" he demanded. "We came out here to pot a 'stripe' or two. What—"

"Nothing to feel any alarm about, Lew," the colonel hastily interposed. "Only I've lived here long enough, and known Gamba long enough to not underestimate his—uh—premonitions, if you care to call them that."

Perry Scott said, glancing at his uncle, "I've never gone in too strong for psychic phenomena, but on the other hand I'm not averse to a bit of caution."

Lige Brock, the third member of the American party, and an expert big game hunter, snorted contemptuously. "In good old Bostonese — bunk!" Perry didn't like the man. "You let that stuff get under your skin," he went on, "and you'll be shooting at shadows."

The group on the verandah broke up and drifted to their

quarters. Tomorrow was the big day . . .

Col. Riggs-Stratton's bungalow was situated in the north of Bahraich on the borders of Nepal, and the lush jungle ran down unbroken from the outer fringes of the Himalayas. From here, the party started, the two huge Burmah elephants leading, the bearers strung out behind.

The beaters suddenly swung off on another track and the colonel waved encouragement to his shikari. There were deer in that beat; there were pig. But when the beaters, shouting like demons, closed in, there was nothing to shoot at—the tiger had not lain up near the kill.

The day wore on and no luck. There simply were no tigers in the vicinity. Yet fresh "sign" had been reported by several trackers the day previous.

Early evening found the party ten miles from headquarters.



"Might as well put up here," the colonel suggested. "Take us two hours to get to the bungalow, and I for one am tuckered out."

"Suits me," acquiesced Llewellyn Scott. The others voiced their willingness to remain the night. Accordingly, a thorn

boma was hastily erected by the beaters, to keep marauding beasts from prowling too near when the fire burned out. Native beaters cannot be trusted to keep a fire going throughout the night.

A quick meal, and the party turned in. That is, all of them did except Perry Scott. He sought out old Gamba, where he squatted before a small fire inside a second boma the beaters had thrown up for their own protection.

Perry offered Gamba a cigarette. He'd brought along several packs to give to the beaters. "Thank you," said Gamba in his halting English. He lit up with a blazing sliver from the fire and puffed contentedly for a moment.

"Think we'll have any luck tomorrow?" Perry asked.

Gamba's coppery features, red tinged in the reflected firelight, didn't change. "No. There will be no tiger. There will be—evil!"

"What evil, Gamba?"

"How can one foretell these things, sahib?"

"You read this in the stars, a vision—"

"I cannot explain," Gamba said quickly. "I only know that evil will come of this hunt . . . but nobody will die." That last statement, or amendment, startled Perry somewhat. It was the answer to an unasked question; it relieved him considerably. He leaned back against a packing case.

A troop of hill apes went chattering through the trees. A peacock, disturbed in his slumbers, gave vent to a shrill scream of annoyance. Pigs grunted a hundred yards off in the darkness. Then silence fell again, the silence of the jungle asleep.

At dawn the party moved off through the dripping jungle. This was their last beat. If they

didn't put up a tiger today, the hunt would end unsuccessfully. Old Gamba's prediction of evil had caused uneasiness among the beaters. The shikari reported that they would rebel if forced farther into the bush.

Perry left the main party toward noon and chose a huge tree for a post. He'd determined to pot a stag, a panther, anything just to save the hunt from being a total washout. He hoped that his uncle would have some luck. He had come all the way from America to get in a little shooting; and old Col. Riggs-Stratton had promised excellent tiger hunting in his beloved north India retreat.

Perry climbed the big tree and found a comfortable limb fifteen feet above the ground. The sound of the beat, up ahead, gradually diminished. A half hour passed. Perry spent it fighting off a swarm of voracious mosquitoes. Then a stag with a fair head broke into view. Perry brought his rifle up, but a vine caught the trigger guard. The gun slipped from his hands and fell to the ground.

Just as the stag crashed into the thicket across the little clearing, Lige Brock came into view on the other side and took a snap shot at the fleeing beast. The stag gave a great bound, but went on with a tremendous crashing.

"Got him!" exulted Brock, levering the action of his weapon. Then he plunged after his quarry. Perry called to him, but the game hunter evidently didn't hear him. Brock had disappeared by the time Perry had slipped to the ground.

Perry examined his rifle for possible damage and was in the act of firing a test shot, when a panther broke cover. The beat was returning. Perry heard it as he took off after the tawny cat. A panther was better than nothing at all!

The big cat treed a hundred yards away. But he elected to go high, and the thick tangle of branches entirely hid him from view.

The shikari's yelp drifted to Perry, then three shots roared out. Had they put up a tiger? If so, this was no place to be, reasoned Perry. He jumped behind the thickbole of the tree and waited. It was then he saw the stag. It came bounding along a trail twenty yards off. And after it came Lige Brock. It was the same stag, and it was wounded.

"Now what the heck made that beast turn and come back here?" Perry asked himself.

Since no tiger had as yet shown himself, and the beat was



still some distance off, Perry decided to follow Lige. The noise of the man's progress through the jungle made his trail easy to follow. The stag too was making a tremendous crashing sound up ahead. Lige had been unable to get in a telling shot evidently,

One of the elephants trumpeted behind him and the shikari shouted to his men. Tiger, this time! Well, let him come. This hunt was turning out to be an afternoon tea!

Perry came upon Lige suddenly standing under an enormous tree in a small clearing.

The man was pumping shots at something invisible. Perry was about to shout at the hunter when an involuntary cry burst from his lips. He brought his gun up and began firing into the tree above Lige's head:

Llewellyn Scott and the colonel broke into the clearing just then.

"Hi!" shouted the colonel. "What the devil are you about?" He ran up to Perry and knocked his gun off aim. "What's this—you trying to kill the man?" he demanded of Perry.

"Trying to save his life," answered Perry. "Take a look, Colonel!"

A great *shape* crashed down from the branches of the tree and fell upon Lige Brock. With the speed of light the thing encircled him in giant, constricting folds. Lige shrieked. Then the horrible creature fell away, lashing its enormous body for a moment, then suddenly became still.

Gamba came out of the jungle and pointed at the dead snake. "It is the evil of which I spoke," he said quietly. "The devil of the jungle. Even tigers keep away from him."

Col. Riggs-Stratton nodded his head several times and mopped the perspiration from his brow.

"Whew! He's a monster. Biggest python I ever saw in these quarters!"

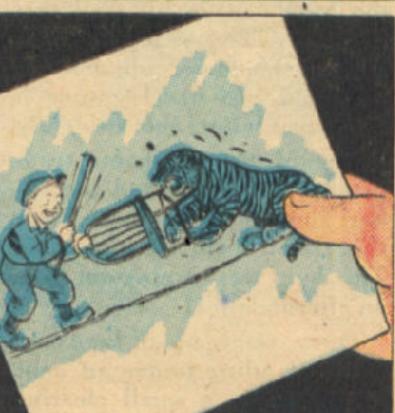
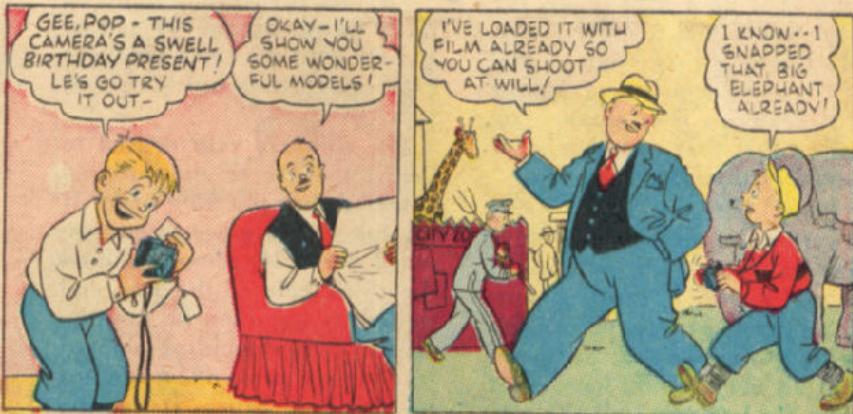
Lige Brock regained the wind that had been driven from his body and got to his feet. He looked sheepish, but he stuck out a hand to Perry.

"Thanks, old man. You kept Gamba's 'evil' from becoming fatal . . . guess I was shooting at shadows."

ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
Water for the King
IN THE MAY ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
ON SALE MARCH 26TH

HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by
ARTHUR BEEMAN



Order the May issue of FEATURE COMICS from your regular newsdealer now.

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

By
NOEL
Fowler'



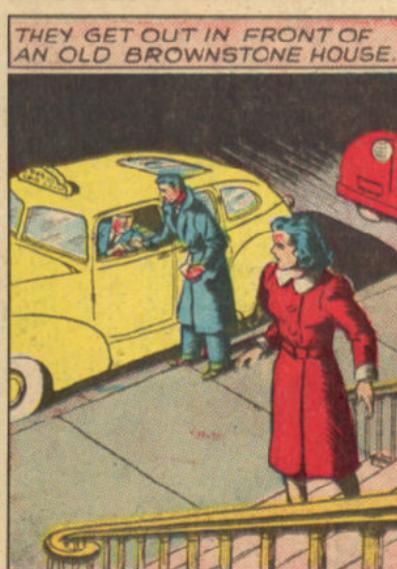
MURDERESS
ESCAPES
FROM PRISON!



KITTY DELL
BREAKS FROM THE
WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY.
WHERE SHE WAS IMPRIS-
ONED FOR THE MURDER
OF HER HUSBAND. CITY
SPREADS DRAGNET .







INSIDE IS THE SPIRIT OF THE
MAN SHE LOVES..... HER
HUSBAND.

AT FIRST KITTY AND ZERO SEE
NO ONE IN THE DARKENED
ROOM.

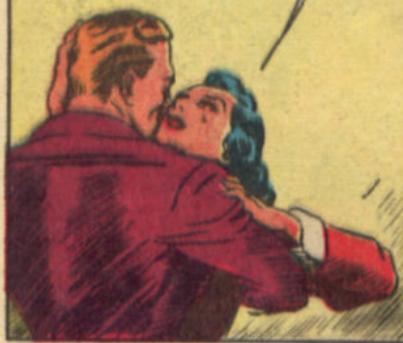
BUT SOON THE FIGURE OF HER
HUSBAND TAKES SHAPE

SOMEONE'S
UNLOCKING
THE FRONT
DOOR.. MAYBE
IT'S...



KITTY! KITTY!
I'VE HOPED SO
LONG THAT
YOU'D
RETURN!

AND
NOW I'LL
BE WITH
YOU
FOREVER,
DEAR!



I HATE TO BARGE IN ON
THIS TOUCHING SCENE, BUT
I WOULD LIKE TO CLEAR
UP THE MYSTERY OF
YOUR MURDER!



I WAS MURDERED
BY A GANG OF THIEVES
WHO TRIED TO MAKE
ME AN ACCOMPLICE
IN THE ROBBERY OF
THE BANK WHERE
I WAS A CLERK
OF COURSE I
REFUSED!



IN MY INDIGNATION I
THREATENED TO EXPOSE
THEM.. THEY CAME HERE
AND SHOT ME WITH MY
OWN GUN, WHICH WAS
THE EVIDENCE THAT
SENT KITTY TO JAIL.
HER FINGERPRINTS
WERE THE
ONLY ONES
FOUND
ON IT!



THE TWO GHOSTS LEAD ZERO
TO THE GANG'S
HIDE-OUT.



COME ON!
WE'LL
SETTLE
YOUR SCORE
BEFORE
YOU LEAVE
THE
WORLD
OF MEN!

THEY WALK THROUGH DARK AND SILENT CORRIDORS IN THE CELLAR.



QUARREL SOME VOICES COME FROM THE FIRST FLOOR.



KITTY CONFRONTS THE MURDERERS.



LISTEN, GIRLIE, YOU AIN'T GOING TO LIVE TO TELL THAT! HEY! SHE'S NOT HERE!



YES SHE IS, AND SHE SPEAKS THE TRUTH. YOU'D BETTER CONFESS YOUR GUILT OR



ZERO INTERCEPTS A SHOT BY QUICK, DECISIVE ACTION...



MAYBE YOU REMEMBER ME? I HAPPEN TO BE THE GUY YOU KILLED, AND IF YOU DON'T CONFESS TO THE POLICE AND CLEAR MY WIFE'S NAME, YOU'LL HAVE TWO GHOSTS HAUNTING YOU AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!



COME ON, BOYS. WE'RE GOING DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS! I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL!



WITH THE CROOKS CONVICTED, KITTY AND HER HUSBAND ARE FREED FROM THEIR EARTHLY BONDS...

GOODBYE, ZERO AND THANKS FOR YOUR HELP! SO LONG, KIDS!



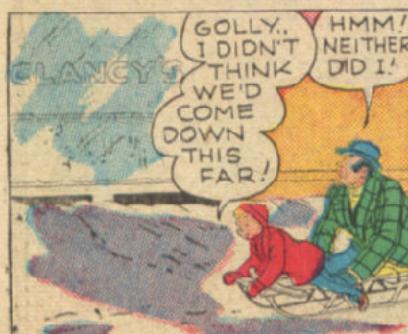
Another mysterious adventure of Zero, Ghost Detective, in the May issue.

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



MICKEY FINN



By LANK LEONARD

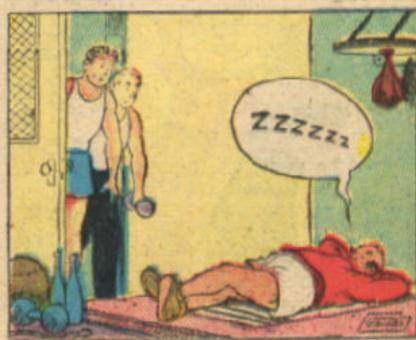
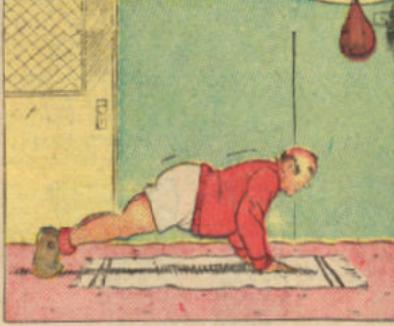
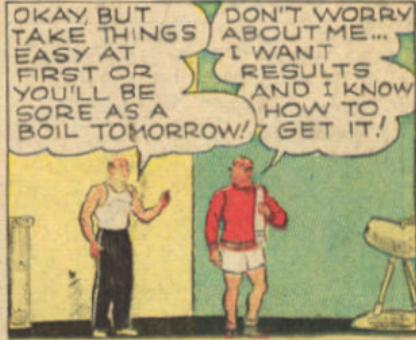
NIPPLE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPLE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



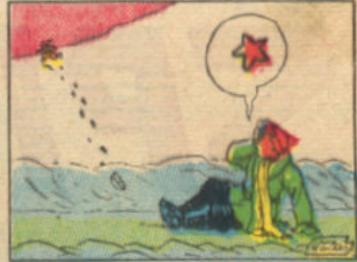
MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



MICKEY FINN

ARE YOU TALKIN' TO YOURSELF, UNCLE PHIL?

I'M REHEARSING MY SPEECH FOR THE LODGE DINNER TONIGHT!



BROTHER HOULIHAN IS A GREAT JOKER.. HE KNOWS THAT ASKIN' YOU TO BE CONTENTED WITH A FIVE MINUTE TALK FROM ME IS JUST LIKE ASKIN' A DUCK TO BE CONTENT OUT OF WATER!



AND FURTHERMORE, DO IT'S MY UNBIASED SOME-OPTION THAT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!

HIM OR I'LL MISS MY TRAIN! BACK TO WASHINGTON



ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF BROTHER FINN CONTINUING, PLEASE SAY AYE!



BUT YOU'VE I AM! SENATOR STALE IS GONNA MUMBLING BE THERE AND AN HOUR... I WANT TO YOU AINT IMPRESS SPEAKIN' THAT HIM!



..AND AS I SAID EARLIER TONIGHT, GENTLEMEN, I'M HERE TO DRIVE HOME ONE FACT.



SOMEbody ought to drive him home!

WE HAVE A LIST OF SPEAKERS TONIGHT, SO ALL BUT SENATOR STALE WILL BE LIMITED TO FIVE MINUTES.. OUR FIRST SPEAKER WILL BE BROTHER PHILIP RENN!



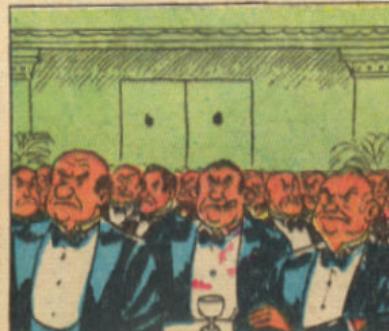
I SAID FINISH IT QUICK! YOU'VE BEEN TALKIN' FOR HALF AN HOUR ALREADY!



I'LL FINISH WHEN I GET TO THE FINISH! I CAN'T DISAPPOINT THIS AUDIENCE?



THEN PARDON ME FOR JUST A MINUTE!



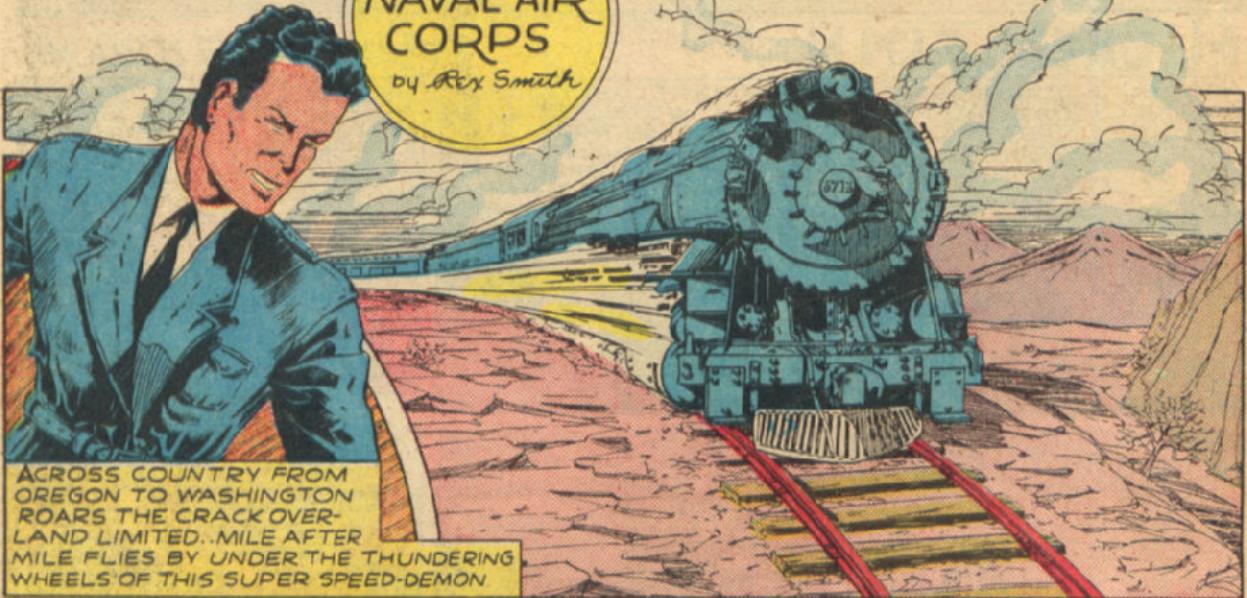
WE WILL NOW HEAR FROM A MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT THE HONORABLE STEWART SIMON STALE!



Fellow Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

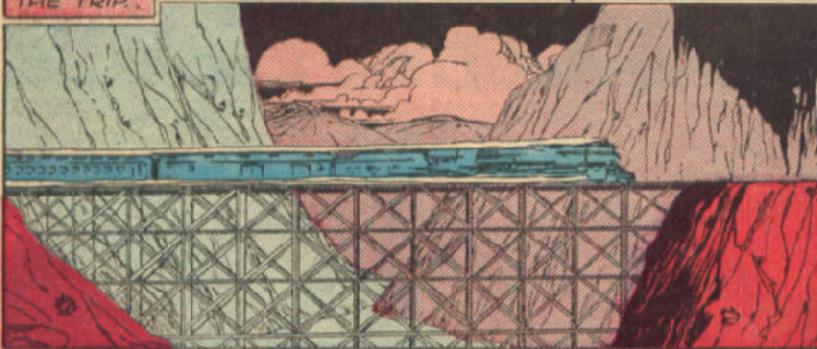
SPIN SHAW

of the
NAVAL AIR
CORPS
by Rex Smith



THE OVERLAND'S ROUTE FOLLOWS A HIGH TRESTLE BRIDGE THROUGH THE TOWERING CASCADE RANGE. IT IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE TRIP.

CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW IN HIS PRIVATE CAR WORKS BUSILY OVER BLUEPRINTS.



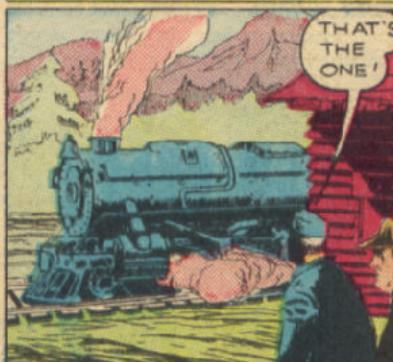
THIS TRIP TAKES FIVE DAYS. I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME.



THEY'LL BE READY FOR THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.
BY THE TIME I ARRIVE JUST A FEW MORE DETAILS

THE TRAIN PULLS TO A STOP AT A SMALL STATION

HURRY UP! WE GOTTA UN-COUPLE THIS CAR BEFORE THEY ALL START MOVIN'



AFTER PICKING UP PASSENGERS,
THE OVERLAND LIMITED PREPARES TO LEAVE.



SPIN, OVERENGROSSED IN HIS WORK, DOES NOT NOTICE THAT HE IS LEFT BEHIND IN THE DETACHED COACH.



NOR DOES HE FEEL THE DIFFERENCE WHEN ANOTHER LOCOMOTIVE HITCHES ON TO HIS CAR...



THE LINE OF CARS PICKS UP SPEED... IT HEADS TOWARD THE HEART OF THE CASCADES...



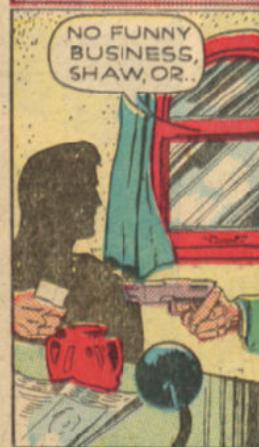
MEANWHILE, IN THE ONLY OTHER COACH,



SLUGGING HIM IS NO GOOD... THE PLANS AREN'T FINISHED YET, AND HE'S MORE VALUABLE ALIVE!



QUIETLY A PISTOL BARREL IS PRESSED AGAINST SPIN'S SHOULDER



OR WHAT, BUDDY?



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE TRAIN RUMBLES TO A STOP AT A DESERTED ROUNDHOUSE . . .



SPIN IS LOCKED IN A SMALL SHACK. FOR THREE DAYS HE SEES NO ONE..THEN.



ANGRILY HIS CAPTOR STUNS SHAW WITH THE BUTT END OF HIS REVOLVER.



SPIN FEIGNS UNCONSCIOUSNESS AS HE FALLS. HIS HAND CRASHES THROUGH A LOOSE WALL PANEL.



THE WHOLE WALL'S TOTTERING! I CAN GET OUT IN A MINUTE!



BUT I WON'T! I'LL STICK AROUND TO MEET THE BIG BOSS!



THE DRONE OF HEAVY MOTORS FILLS THE AIR.. A PLANE HEADS FOR A MAKESHIFT LANDING FIELD NEAR-BY . .



THE BOSS, IN FLYING GARB, ENTERS. PILOT, EH? AND YOU'RE STUBBORN, TOO!

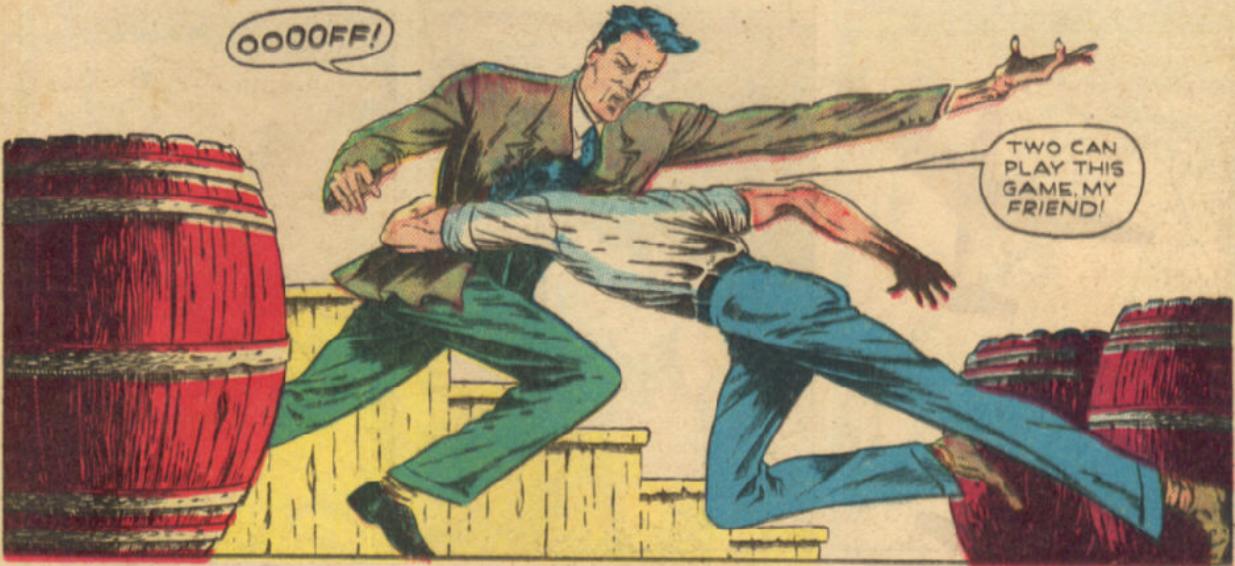


COME ON IN, BIG BOSS! I'VE BEEN WAITING TO MEET YOU!



QUICKLY REGAINING HIS FEET, THE BOSS SPRINGS VIOLENTLY FOR SPIN.





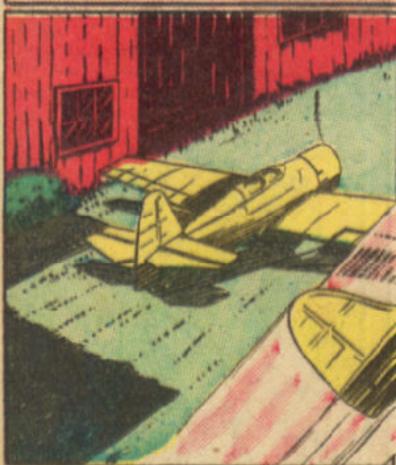
SHOVED OVER BACKWARDS,
THE BOSS BANGS HIS HEAD
AGAINST A TABLE.



NOW I'LL HAVE
TO DRAG HIM
TO A PLANE..
HOPE HE HAS
FUEL ENOUGH.



HALF DRAGGING, HALF CARRYING
HIS BURDEN, SPIN REACHES
A NEAT LITTLE SHIP. HE GUNS
THE MOTOR FOR A TAKE-OFF. . .



EASY Flier,
THIS SHIP.. I
MUST SAY
HE CAN
PICK A
GOOD
PLANE!

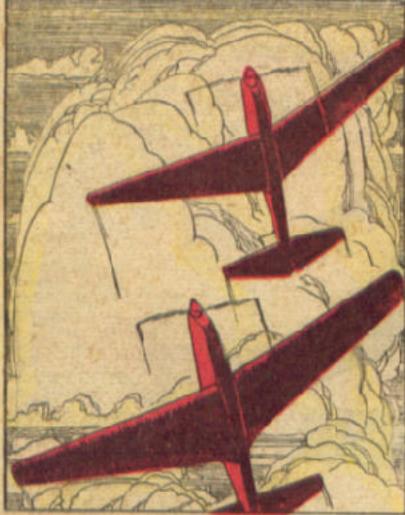


BUT GUARDS ARE
DRAWN TO THE
SCENE...

IMMEDIATELY, TWO
PURSUIT SHIPS PRE-
PARE TO FOLLOW
SPIN. . .



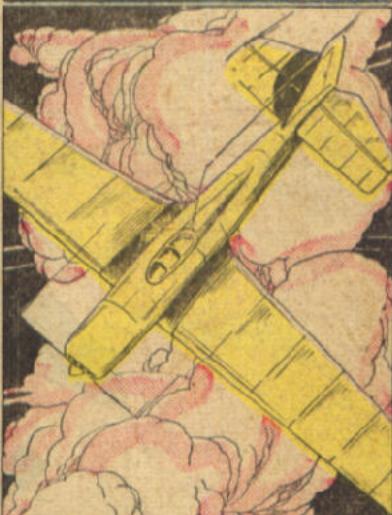
AT FULL SPEED THE PURSUING SHIPS TAIL AFTER SPIN.



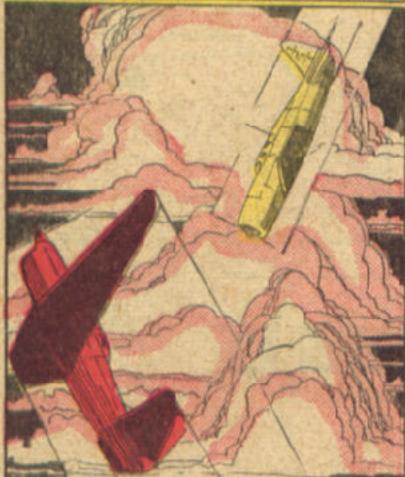
BUT HE SPOTS THEM..



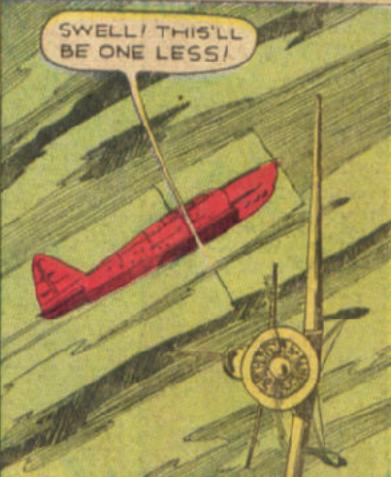
TAKING THE INITIATIVE, SPIN PULLS INTO A FAST DIVE..



JUST IN TIME TO INTERCEPT THE FIRST PURSUER COMING UP..



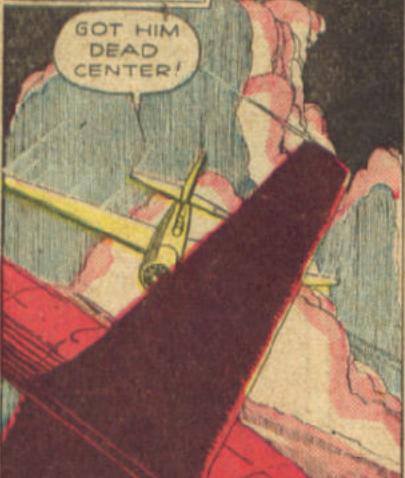
HIS MACHINE GUN SPITS A STEADY HAIL OF LEAD..



THE SHIP CAREENS DIZZILY.. BURSTING INTO FLAMES, IT CRASHES..



WITH A QUICK MANEUVER SPIN SHAW REVERSES THEIR POSITIONS..



MEANWHILE THE LEADER OF THE GANG "COMES TO".



LATER, IN WASHINGTON..



THANKS,
SPIN!

More of Spin Shaw in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale March 26th.

READ

FEATURE COMICS

each month for the best in action, mystery, adventure and humor.

Starring The Doll Man, Lala Palooza, Spin Shaw, Big Top, Rance Keane, Poison Ivy, Samar, Reynolds of The Mounted, Zero, Homer Doodle and Son, Bruce Blackburn, Rusty Ryan, Mickey Finn, Dusty Dane and USA, The Spirit of Old Glory, **FEATURE COMICS** is the "Tops" in monthly comic magazines.

Order your copy of the May issue of **FEATURE COMICS** from your regular newsdealer now—on sale March 26th.

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

PUT YOURSELF IN THESE PICTURES—OPEN TO ALL—

BOY-OH-BOY! WHAT A CLOSE CALL

Wow! There goes Pilot Clark's little girl chasing her ball! Right into the path of the spinning propeller.

"Stop!" yells brother Bill. But horrors, she can't hear him.

Flying tackle saves her from propeller's blade. Good work, boy.

A banquet for the hero. But best part of all is Tootsie Rolls for dessert.

3 CHEERS FOR PATSY

Poor Tom fell and broke his leg. How can the family pay the doctor bills?

Little Patsy gets a bright idea. A show! And charge admission.

Show is a wow! Everybody attends! Hooray — \$52 collected!

3 weeks later, Tommy's almost well.

Kids, let's celebrate. We'll all have Tootsie Rolls — on me. Tootsies are great for food energy."

EAT A Tootsie A DAY—
ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE—FOR QUICK FOOD ENERGY



TRY Tootsie
POPS TOO

SWELL—
EACH WITH
HEART OF
TOOTsie ROLLS!

1¢ AND 5¢

Tootsies are softer and creamier! Now better than ever — always fresh and delicious. That's why over 1,500,000 Tootsie Rolls are bought daily. Everyone goes for Tootsies —

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY

CHEWY! CHOCOLATEY! DE-LICIOUS!

